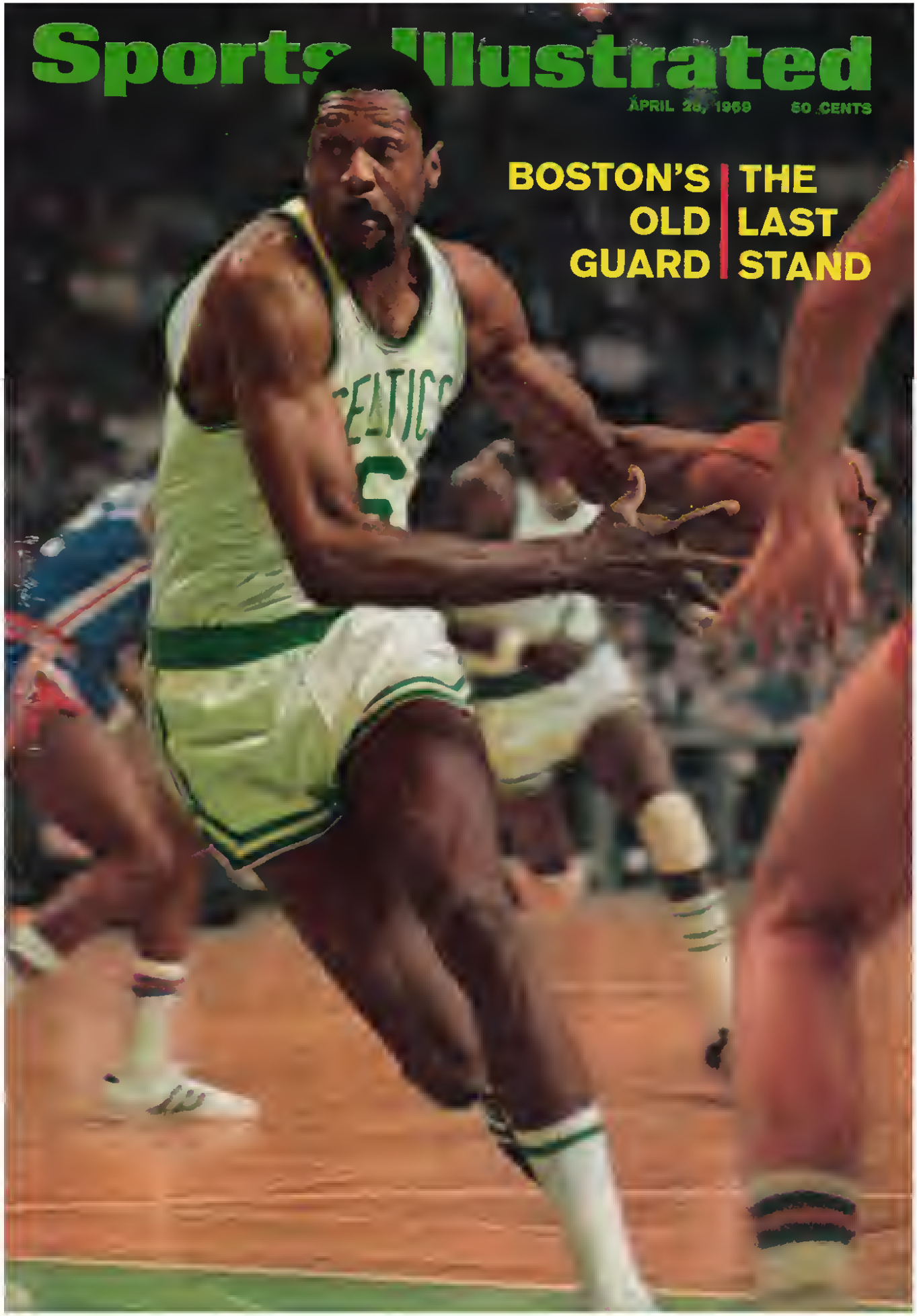

Sports Illustrated
APRIL 28, 1969
50 CENTS
BOSTON'S OLD GUARD
THE LAST STAND

The Will to Win

or how an unknown Canadian is getting known.



Once we were a nobody.

Oh sure, in Canada they'd been enjoying our whisky for years.

But if you had asked for a glass of us anywhere in the States, your answer would have been, "Canadian Lord Who?" In the States they had long before committed themselves to more famous brands.

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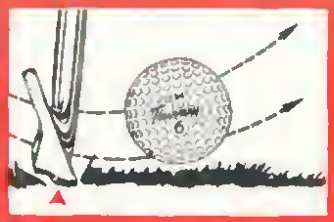
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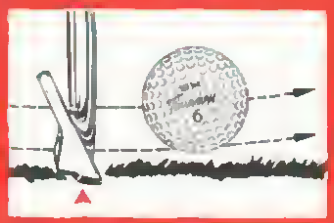
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The Smasher, of course. (The only metal racket approved by Spalding.)

The Smasher. By Spalding.

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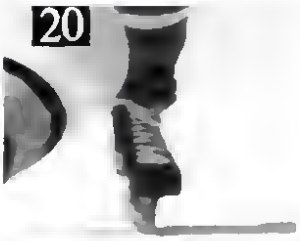
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Next week

THE KENTUCKY DERBY preview by Whitney Tower analyzes the late trials at Churchill Downs and Keeneland, weighs the chances of East vs West and maybe points to a winner

THE FIGHTING ART of Ali-Clay the once (and future?) king of boxing is revealed in stroboscopic photographs that accurately gauge his amazing speed of hand and foot

DOG OBEDIENCE is a phrase suggesting that one is teaching something to a dog, but when Jeannette Bruce takes an Afghan to school the pupil-teacher relationship gets confused

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EASTERN Smiling faces going places.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Since SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers are avid participants as well as watchers of games, we have often called upon experts to help us reveal the tricks of their trades—Ben Hogan and Arnold Palmer among others on golf, Bill Talbert and Don Budge on tennis, Jean-Claude Killy on skiing, Charles Goren on bridge, Don Carter on bowling. We have even published lessons on the Japanese art of fish printing, on cribbage and on educating the family dog. Starting with Paul Richards' first treatise on baseball strategy in May of 1955, and not counting bridge and golf tips columns, SI has presented 145 "instructionals," 35 on golf alone.

No. 146 in this issue (*page 44*) is on tennis, the unique idea of Welby Van Horn, who lives in Puerto Rico, on how to teach his favorite game to beginners. With the aid of Frank Deford and Artist Frank Mullins, Van Horn goes into what he considers the four major elements: balance, *grip*, stroke and strategy. Because he helped develop former National Indoor Champion Charles Pasarell and is highly respected by his fellow pros, Van Horn's advice is worth heeding, even by those who consider themselves beyond the novice class.

Now that the courts near his new home in Connecticut have thawed out, Deford intends to try out some Van Horn theories himself, and it will not be surprising if his game shows marked improvement. This happened to other staffers after they worked on instructional stories. Gwilym Brown helped Billy Casper put together a putting lesson and then started practicing the Casper method. On his next round he sank two 40-footers, three 20-footers and had 11 one-putt greens. He has not done that well since.

Mark Mulvoy, who helps Jack Nicklaus with his SI golf tips and who did instructionals with Gay Brewer and Julius Boros, has shaved four or five strokes off each round by listening to their advice. Nicklaus converted him from hooking his drives to fading them, and Boros persuaded him to change his grip for more accuracy. One of the bonuses of working with Nicklaus is the travel in Jack's private jet to places like Islamorada in the Florida Keys and Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mulvoy is currently working on an ice hockey instructional in book form, to be part of Lippincott's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Library, which already has 21 volumes on everything from horseback riding to squash. Tex Maule has books on pro football offense and defense coming up for the same series.

One SI instructional set off an intrasport controversy. In 1963 Deford started working on ways to avoid fouling in basketball, but the editors decided it would be more interesting to demonstrate the tricky methods some pros use to *draw* fouls and called upon the master, Frank Ramsey of the Boston Celtics, to show us. Deford, an ex-Baltimore schoolboy basketball star, went to Madisonville, Ky. and posed with Ramsey on the latter's backyard court, playing the suckered opponent for Robert Handville's drawings.

Ramsey had one season left with the Celtics and NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy hit the roof when he saw Ramsey and Deford revealing pro gamesmanship. He called in the Celtic guard for a chewing out and officially censured him. And nearly every time Ramsey was fouled that season fans would scream, "Fake!"

Welby Van Horn may be censured by some rival pros whose teaching techniques he scorns, but we expect this week's layout to produce a good deal of improvement in beginners' tennis.

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

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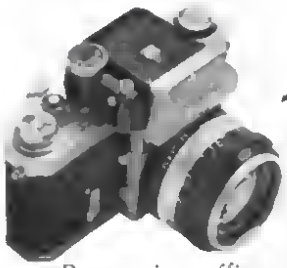
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Because a Seattle mountaineer wanted better equipment, a business was born

Back in the 1930s good mountain climbing gear was hard to find in this country. To make up for the lack Seattle City Engineer Lloyd Anderson and some Cascades Mountains climbing buddies pooled their resources to import some gear from Switzerland for their own use. The group, officially entitled the Recreational Equipment Co-operative, was limited to 23 climbers and it had no plans to expand. But news of a good thing gets around, and the co-op was soon inundated with requests for membership. In time a wider business arrangement was decided upon, a nonprofit organization in which members would receive dividends each year based on the amount of their purchases. Lloyd was elected treasurer and manager, a position he holds to this day. A grocer offered shelf space on a commission basis, and the co-op was off and running.

In 1955 the co-op hired a full-time store manager, a long-legged, slender young Mount Rainier climbing guide named Jim Whittaker, and moved to its own location on Seattle's Pike Street. When Whittaker was assigned as equipment coordinator for the American Mount Everest expedition, Recreational Equipment became its major supplier.

Life membership in the co-op is now well in excess of 100,000, stocked items in the catalogs over 3,000. Membership never has been required of customers, but it's lots more fun. Even for people who never expect to see a mountain, the annual color catalog is worth the cost of life membership — still $1.00 as fascinating literature.

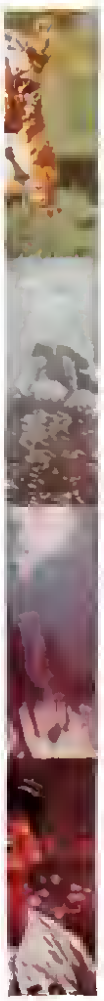
Just as members circle the world, so does co-op shopping skill. The catalogs are filled with superb originals, designed by co-op officers like Whittaker who has firm ideas about compressor stuffing bags, ice screws, balanced packboards, waterproof ponchos, Everest tents, elephant foot sleeping bags and Northern goose-down clothing. But there's a great deal for the family camper, too.

The co-op shines in the field of specialized items that nobody else carries in such amazing, esoteric variety: wind meters, compasses, geologists' hammers, altimeters, sewing awls, pedometers, clamps for fixing cameras to trees and ice-ax heads, machetes, head lamps with belt batteries, candle lanterns, climbing slings, steps and ascenders, bamboo-wand trail markers, rubber crampon guards, *fifthaken* (safety devices for hanging and retrieving rope ladders)—or even group flights at bargain rates to European mountains. The co-op knows all and furnishes all at nonprofit prices from its stores at 423 Pike St. and 1525 11th Ave., Seattle.

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SCORECARD

CHARACTER MOLDING II

Joe Hall, now and then assistant to Adolph Rupp at the University of Kentucky (SCORECARD, April 21), set a U.S., North American and world record for short tenure as basketball coach of a major school when he quit as head coach of St. Louis University one week after he signed his contract. It seemed at the time as though Hall's seven-day if-and-reverse record might stand for centuries, but never underestimate the agility of the American college coach. Don Haskins, who has had remarkable success with his basketball teams at the University of Texas at El Paso, decided last week to switch to the University of Detroit. That was fairly stunning news, but Haskins topped it. Knocking a sensational 120 hours off Joe Hall's still quivering mark, Haskins took only two days to give Detroit (which was still blotting the contract) the brushoff and scurry back to UTEP.

Now, what was that you were saying, Senator? The trouble with college kids is all this permissiveness, right? They think they can do whatever they want whenever they feel like doing it, isn't that so? And you said it, Senator—what they could use is a little old-fashioned discipline from the athletic department.

BULLS AND BEARS

Major league baseball attendance, which glowed so promisingly during the opening week of the season (abetted no end by the happy coincidence of lovely weather and spring vacations from school), soured when the weather turned April-y again and the kids trudged back to the classroom. In fact, 13 of the 20 older clubs showed a drop in attendance from a similar period last year (and last year was no bargain). Even including expansion club gates, the American League's total attendance was down, and if you exclude the expansion clubs the American League was off almost 13%, the National League almost 7%.

Boston and Oakland had the most precipitous declines in the American League, while Houston and St. Louis were the National's worst dropoffs. On the bright side, attendance in Washington (ah there, Ted Williams) was up 50%, in Detroit it was up 60% and in Atlanta it was up 70%.

And it is a long season.

SIERRA POWER

Surprisingly, the Sierra Club's bitterly fought election for the balance of power on its board of directors has been won by the anti-Brower slate, which means that Executive Director David Brower's aggressive conduct of conservation campaigns (SI, April 14) has suffered a stunning rebuke. Brower, however, does not intend to quit as executive director, nor will he leave the Sierra Club to form a new organization. "Splinter groups are always sad," he said in response to the bales of mail urging some such step (the first postelection telegram to reach him began, "Have just burned my membership card").

"I do not propose to resign," Brower stated. "The new board can fire me if it wants to. If it does, I would still rather work within the club. Only if the Sierra Club retreats from the issues would we perhaps need a new organization. Even then, it should be complementary to the Sierra Club."

The new board meets May 3. If it decides to dismiss Brower, as seems likely, the loss to the club of Brower's vigorous leadership will be softened if Conservation Director Mike McCloskey, the obvious choice, is picked to succeed him. Though no Winston Churchill—or David Brower—as an inspirational leader, McCloskey is intelligent, hard-working and encyclopedic in his knowledge of conservation issues.

The Sierrans have also voted to raise their dues 33%, which means the anti-Brower board will have added money to go along with its newly acquired power. The new directors will have three years before they face reelection to show they can fight the conservation battle better than Brower did. But, as a member of the new board said, "If any anti-conservationist thinks he can take comfort in a weakened Sierra Club, he'd better find a new fortune cookie."

BRAVE, HONEST, RASH

Ron Jeter, who played at Louisiana State in 1966 and 1967 and is now on Coach Charlie McClendon's staff at LSU, was working as a bit player in a John Wayne Civil War shoot-'em-up, currently on location in Clinton, La. The time came for a battle scene and Jeter was given his choice of being either a Confederate or a Union general. He chose the latter. "I always like to be with a winner," he blandly explained to shocked members of the LSU squad

It is probably a coincidence, but in the film Jeter is shot in the back.

UNIFORM OF THE DAY

Royal Ascot, England's preeminent race meeting, is called royal because it is, by tradition dating back to the days of Queen Anne, the race meeting that the



royal family attends. Formal dress—gray top hat, morning coat, striped trousers—was *de rigeur* for eons, until last year when egalitarian lounge suits were permitted in the Royal Enclosure for the first time. P. G. Wodehouse might have called it a Herald of the Red Dawn, but it didn't take. Optional though dress was, practically everyone stayed with traditional garb, and there was considerable criticism from press and public about

continued



Once you start using Gillette Super Stainless Injector Blades it's very hard to stop.



(Coated with the miracle plastic that reduces pull.)

the deplorable lowering of standards.

Now the old rule has been reestablished, and when Royal Ascot gallops on the scene again this June, you'd best have Jeeves lay out your topper and striped pants. Miss Anne Ainscough, Ascot office secretary to the Duke of Norfolk, who more or less says what goes at Ascot, declared. "There was just no demand for the rule to be relaxed, so we have gone back again. It was the Duke who made the decision."

WHAT'S A MOTHER TO DO

On Friday, April 4, the University of Texas opened a three-game weekend series against Rice with a doubleheader at Austin. David Chalk, a freshman from Dallas, hit his first home run of the season in the first game and, the way they tell it in Texas, this so delighted his father, who was at the game, that he went out to a phone booth and made a long-distance call home to his wife. Mrs. Chalk was happy to hear the news and asked her husband to keep her posted.

About half an hour later, during the second game, Mr. Chalk phoned home again. "David just hit another home run," he said. Mrs. Chalk thought that was wonderful.

Twenty minutes later the phone rang again. "Say," said Mr. Chalk, "David just hit another home run."

Thirty minutes later he phoned a fourth time. "Hey," he shouted, "David hit another one!"

"These long-distance calls are getting expensive," said Mrs. Chalk. "I think I had better come down there." So she made the 200-mile trip to Austin to see the Saturday game, the final one of the series, and, naturally, that was the game in which David Chalk did not hit *any* home runs.

PENITENT

Lee Trevino, the casual, outspoken U.S. Open champion from El Paso, got himself in the soup the other day when he said he would not compete in the Masters Tournament again. "I'm not going to play there anymore," said Trevino. "It's just not my kind of course. I can't play it. I drill the ball at the hole, I hit it low. And there you've *got* to hit it high. I don't hit it high, and there just ain't no point in my ever going there again. There's no way I could ever win."

To the casual listener this might have sounded as though Trevino was down

continued

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(Prize Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition, Bahamas)

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice

Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit





ITALIAN STINGER

1¼ oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Menthe

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass

JUMP UP AND KISS ME

(Specialty of Buccaneer Hotel, St. Croix, V.I.)

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1 oz. Barbados Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
1 egg white or ½ oz. Frothy

Add crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds. Serve in 10 to 12 oz. brandy snifter.





GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve

ROMAN COFFEE

(Arbino Cavalla, New Orleans Hotel Melbourne, Australia)

In each large cup pour 1 oz. measure of Galliano, add one teaspoon of sugar, add hot strong black coffee to approximately ½ inch from top of cup, swizzle, then add cream



GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER

(Created by C. Charles Fiore, Boston, Massachusetts)

1 oz. Galliano
3 oz. Orange Juice
½ tsp. Lemon Juice

Pour over ice and stir.





YELLOW BIRD

⅓ jigger Galliano
1 jigger White Rum
⅓ jigger Triple Sec
Juice of 1 lime

Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with lime slice or garnish.

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on himself, but to the golf adept it was sheer heresy. Unstinted praise is the only acceptable method of commenting on the Masters and the Augusta National course. To dismiss it the way Trevino did ranks with setting fire to the flag, throwing rocks at Buckingham Palace and painting the sacred black stone at Mecca a bright, quivering red.

A reporter said to Trevino, "If Cliff Roberts [the all-powerful tournament chairman of the Masters] hears this, he'll turn you into a pillar of salt."

"Roberts may be God in Georgia," replied Trevino, "but he's not God in El Paso."

Perhaps not, but a day or so later, after a phone call or two, Trevino was moved to do public penance. "I wasn't really criticizing the course," he explained. "I was criticizing my own inability to play it well with my type of game."

And now we must wait to see if Lee reverses his field all the way and shows up at Augusta's first tee next April, appropriately attired in the latest thing in sackcloth and ashes.

CHUG CHUG

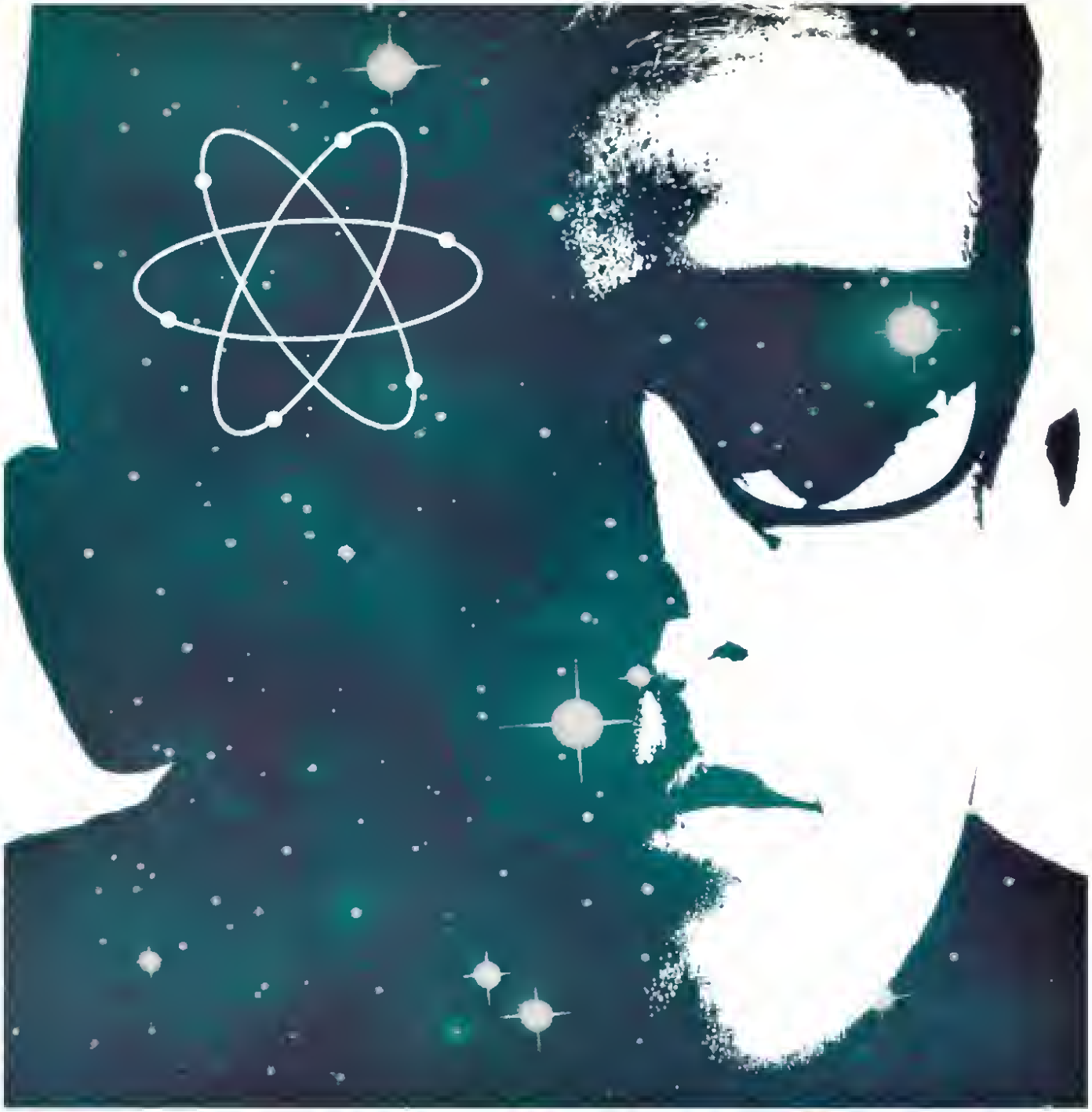
Although Bill Lear has temporarily shelved plans to run a steam car at this year's Indianapolis 500 (SCORECARD, March 10), plans for steam autos keep boiling ahead, not only on Lear's drawing boards but in England as well. Healey, the sports car manufacturer, expects to put out a steam-turbine auto with an oil-fired boiler. Top speed is expected to be 140 mph. Healey expects the first production model to be steaming along the freeways in 1971.

MR. PAIGE

The only pitcher ever to retire both Babe Ruth and Orlando Cepeda with the same arm has now retired himself, probably. Without much fanfare, in Atlanta the day before the regular season started, Satchel Paige officially concluded 40-some-odd years of pitching by blanking the Braves' Richmond farm club in the ninth inning. He was expected to do so in the first, but didn't show up at the park until around the fifth, having had until then, as he later explained, "a little ailament going."

With his hesitation pitch (which lofts the ball, after some delay, several feet into the air and then mysteriously down into the strike zone, and has been out-

continued



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lawed), an eye-opening curve and a fastball whose virtues were accuracy and contrast, he struck out one Richmond man on three pitches, got another to fly out softly, gave up two singles and then induced Cepeda, who was pinch-hitting for both sides and whose father was a teammate of Satchel's in his prime, to hit an easy fly ball to center. It was Paige's third inning of the spring, all of them goose eggs, and presumably his last in a big-league uniform. The Braves signed him on last year, in a capacity variously designated as "coach" and "assistant trainer," so that he could fill out five years in the majors and qualify for a pension. The new Players' Association contract lowered the pension threshold to four years this spring, but by then Satchel was suited up, getting loose regularly and spell-binding his fellow Braves with prehistorical stories. The club announced that he would pitch a few times against Richmond and then hang up his glove, and that, apparently, is what he has done.

After the supposedly ultimate game, though, he was noncommittal. "I could still help any club," he noted in the dressing room, and when asked how his arm felt he inquired, "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" When he was assured that nothing less was expected of a pitcher who would admit to being 62 years old, or even older if it would make people feel better, he replied: "Just like it felt in 19 and 26."

"That guy is amazing," said Cepeda. "The control he has. He used to come to my house when I was 3 years old. He ought to be in the Hall of Fame."

Ted Williams said the same thing, it will be recalled, when he was inducted himself in 1966. They're right—assuming that Satchel will *stay* retired now for the required five years.

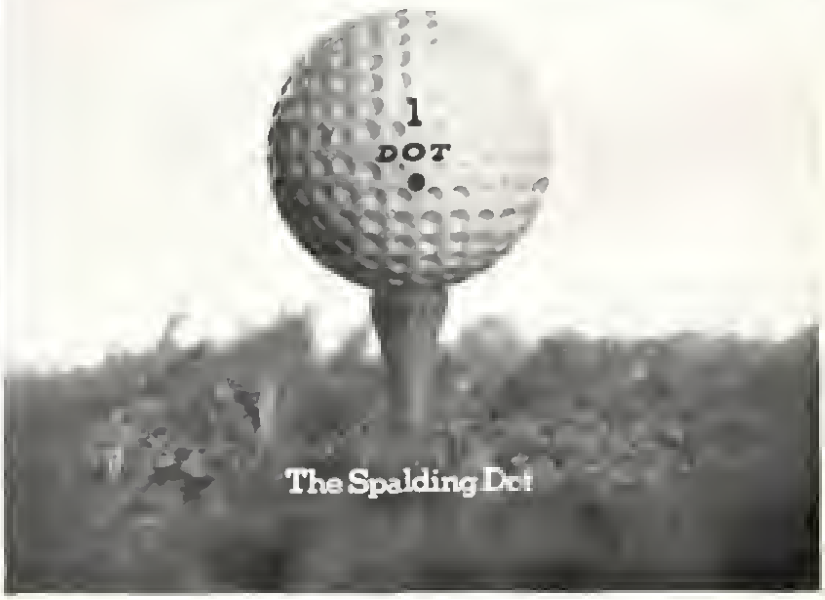
THEY SAID IT

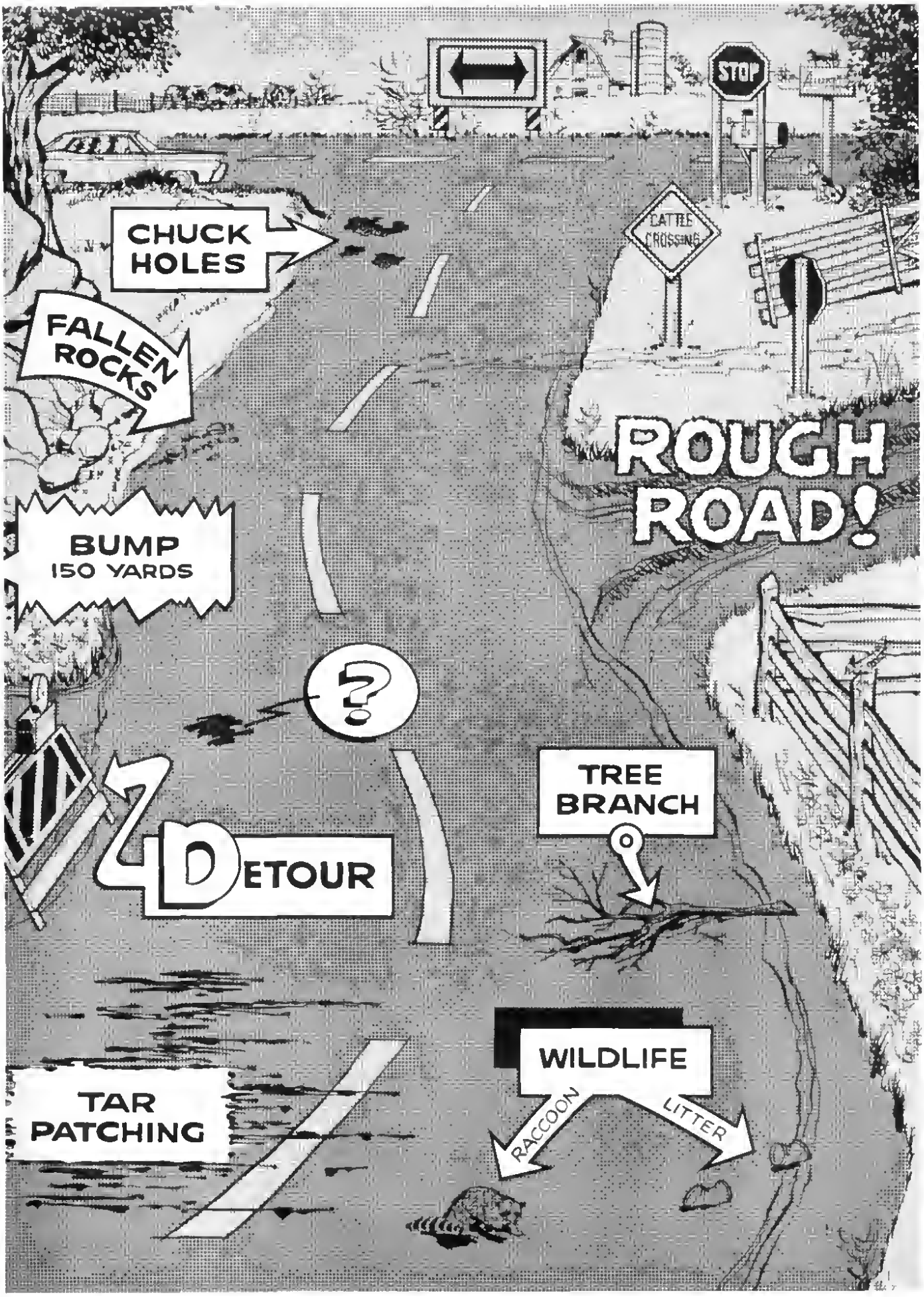
• O. J. Simpson, USC's All-America back and pro football's No. 1 draft choice: "Money means everything to the ghetto kids, who don't have any. I want to do youth work. If I can show that I got something material from sports, they'll respect me, but if I was a track star and wound up in recreation work in the parks with nothing much, they wouldn't. When I was a kid, Willie Mays was my hero, not just because he was a good baseball player, but because he had a big house to show for it." ERD

What on earth is a rhizome?

Speaking at the 39th International Turfgrass Conference of the Golfcourse Superintendents' Association last year, Dr. Lowell Moser reported that his studies showed that Windsor, the improved variety of Kentucky bluegrass, produced more and longer rhizomes. In everyday language this means that Windsor grows thicker and repairs itself faster. Developed by Scotts, the grass people, Marysville, Ohio 43040.

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Off the beaten path the new Sears Wide Guard Tires can hardly be beat The fiber glass belts make this tire more resistant to impact damage. Cut down on tire squirm. And keep the tread flat on the road to give you better traction. All this, plus more than twice the mileage of conventional new car tires. The fiber glass belts make all the difference

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 28, 1969

BOSTON ROARS BACK

As Beentown's triumphant week ended, the Bruins evened their Stanley Cup series with the Canadiens and looked cockily ahead **by GARY RONBERG**

Oh, what a week it was in Boston. First came the greedy old Celtics, letting the air out of New York's basketball. Then in trooped the hungry young Bruins, down two games in their Stanley Cup firefight with the Montreal Canadiens, the *grands seigneurs* of hockey, but still behaving with the crunching insolence that has endeared them to the city. The Bruins down? To the sweet thunder of Montreal bodies thudding into the Garden's boards, they creamed the Canadiens 5–0 on Thursday night and then on Sunday, in a game of high excitement, kicked the Montreal mystique in the seat of the pants and emerged with a 3–2 victory.

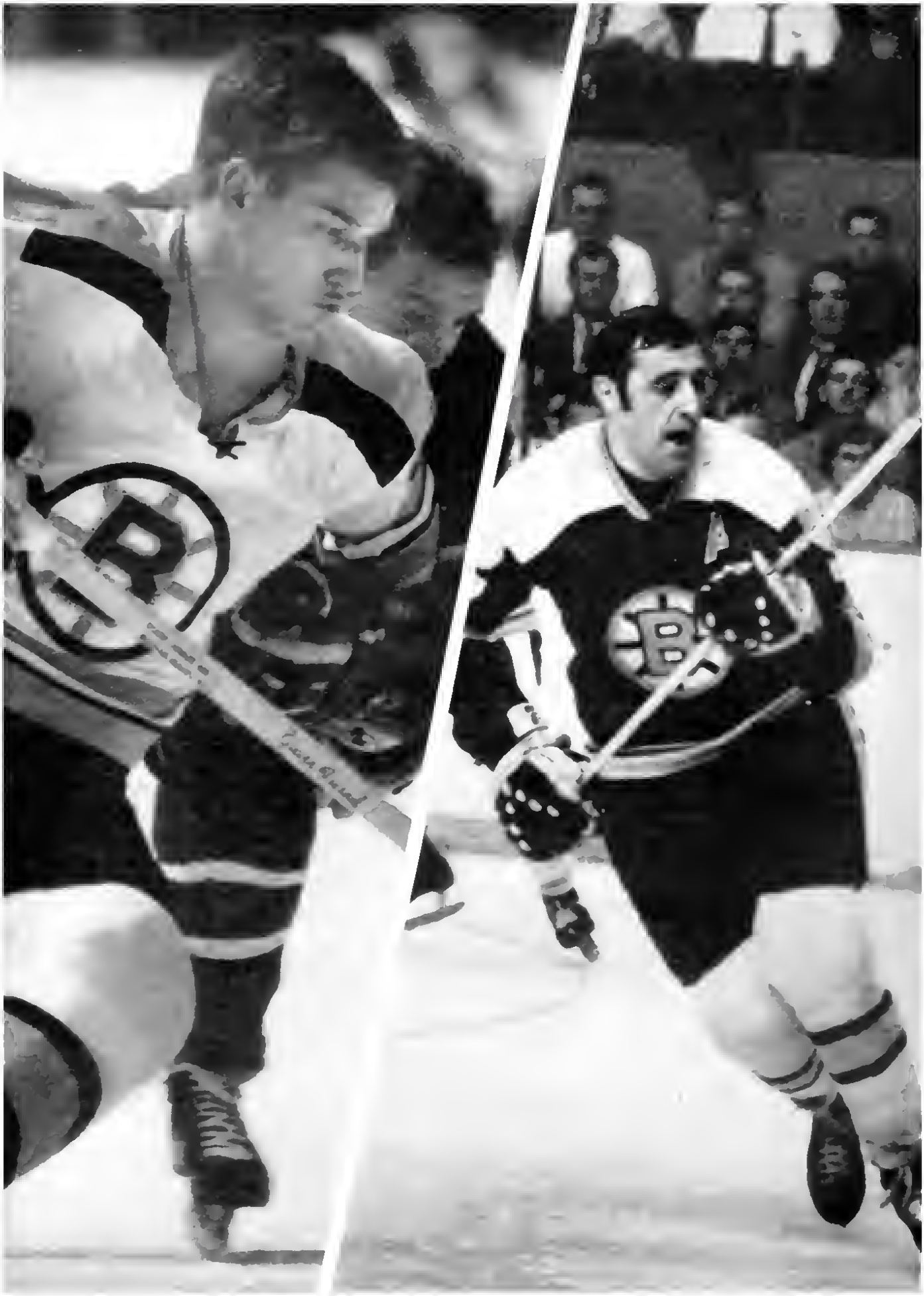
Brash of word as well as stick and elbow, some of the Bruins hinted that Tuesday's fifth game in Montreal and Thursday's sixth, back in Boston, would be all that they would need to clinch the East title. "Get your tickets for Thursday night," said 22-year-old Derek (Turk) Sanderson, a mod kid who fears neither man nor myth. "That's when we wrap it up."

Sanderson and all the Bruins had plenty of reason to be exhilarated, because the opening losses in Montreal's Forum had an atmosphere of doom about them. Boston had a reasonably clear edge in the play and skated into the last little bit of each game a goal ahead, only to be tied and then swiftly beaten in overtime. To the ordinary fan there was something awesome about those Canadien victories, as if all the speed and experience of all the Habs'

continued



Hero Bobby Orr scored Sunday's winning goal, after Phil Esposito (right) erupted for five points Thursday



13 Stanley Cup champions had been distilled into a few magical moments, as if all the famous French-Canadian pride had wrapped the Canadiens in ultimate invincibility.

In the first game the Bruins led 2–0 on goals by Sanderson, with less than seven minutes left to play. It was then that Boston's Eddie Shack was penalized for charging and Montreal's John Ferguson slipped a long, soft shot past Goalie Gerry Cheevers. With 56 seconds remaining, Jean Beliveau, majestic and masterful in his ability to meet the occasion, tied the score. And with 42 seconds gone in sudden-death overtime Ralph Backstrom won for Montreal.

Game No. 2 was so similar to the first as to be uncanny. Boston rallied from deficits of 1–0 and 2–1 to tie and then go ahead 3–2—this time with six minutes to play. And then as that terrible last minute approached—1:09 remaining—Montreal's Yvan Cournoyer fired from the left point into a melee in front of the Boston net. The puck fell free and the Canadiens' Serge Savard pounced on it. Savard whipped it past Eddie Johnston, who had replaced Cheevers in the Bruin goal. Five minutes into overtime lightning flashed once more, the spirits of departed Canadiens stirred in their shrouds and Mickey Redmond steered Savard's long shot over Johnston's shoulder.

It is the special quality of these Bruins, who finished a mere three points behind Montreal in regular-season play, that they sneer at dynasties and ignore evil omens. Far from being crushed, the Bruins—as their jet left Montreal for Boston—were convinced they were the better team. "They won't beat us again this year," said Coach Harry Sinden. "There is no way they can win from us in Boston [where the Bruins had won 29 games, lost only three and tied six during the season], and I'll guarantee you they won't beat us again in Montreal. We should have won both games and they know it. They've only got five or six men really playing hockey."

(In Montreal, informed of Sinden's remarks, Coach Claude Ruel growled, "They were supposed to win the division but they wound up losing on the road to expansion teams.")

But confident as he was, Sinden permitted himself a nagging thought. "The only thing this team has failed to show me," he said, "is that it can win the big game. You don't win championships without winning the big games, and this team won't play a bigger one than next Thursday night. If we can get to Gump Worsley things will turn around."

The weather was balmy in Boston on Thursday and the Garden's ice on the slow side. Up in the seats the fans seemed strangely decorous. So colorful until now that one Toronto newsman, smarting from the Leafs' losses to Boston in the East semifinals, described it as a "lunatic asylum," the Garden held hundreds of genteel types who had discovered the Bruins—and had the connections to get tickets.

Sinden's longing for goals suddenly was realized. Not only goals but goals from his No. 1 gunner, Phil Esposito, the tall, gorilla-armed center who had run up a record total of 126 points during the season—and had been shut out in Montreal by the tight-checking Backstrom line. Late in the first period Bobby Orr, the all-everything defenseman who is finally old enough to vote, took a big swing from the left point and sizzled a shot at Worsley, the same acrobatic fireplug who had quit in November with a case of nerves and come back to play a very superior goal. The puck hit the skate of Esposito's left wing, Ron Murphy, and caromed off the boards to the Gumper's left. It flew directly onto the stick of Esposito, whose low shot from 15 feet away started the Bruins toward their shutout.

Esposito proceeded to score another goal and assist on the team's other three, thanks partly to the fact that he did not have Backstrom draped over him like a school of eels. In Montreal, Claude Ruel, exercising the home team's prerogative of sending out his lines after the other coach had committed himself, had the last say; in Boston, Harry Sinden had it his way. He matched Esposito's line with Beliveau's, and at last Phil had some freedom.

Conceding afterward that Backstrom had done "a helluva job" on him, Esposito insisted that being whitewashed in the Forum had not particularly bothered him. "I was getting my chances," he said. "When you're not getting the chances that's when you start to worry. It was funny, though. Ralph was out there to check me, and I said to myself, 'If I don't score, then he doesn't score.'"



Mod Montreal fan exults over first of two overtime wins that started series in Forum.

Then he gets the winner in overtime. What can you say?"

Ken Hodge was another of the stars of that first Bruin victory, playing despite a case of flu and a 103° temperature. His tongue was as sharp as his stick. "There are only four or five of their guys who'll play with us. They don't like to get hit—and what the hell have they got, anyway? Nothing like us. Tonight we just played our game for 60 minutes. We took our shots and the Gumper didn't have a good night. That's the way it has to be."

Between last week's games the Bruins were lippy and loose. Saturday they were to spend an hour shooting. In the dressing room beforehand Trainer John Forristall put on a Canadien jersey and marched past the players. He wound up jerseyless in the showers. Undaunted, he retrieved the shirt, climbed to the center of the first balcony as the Bruins practiced and shouted, "We shall overcome." The players hooted him down.

But the Bruins can be serious, too, and by the time they got on a bus that afternoon to go to a secret hideaway for the night the horseplay had ceased. "If we win tomorrow," said Esposito, "we're going to go back to Montreal with an awful lot of momentum."

Sunday brought as spectacular a game as one is ever likely to see. Young Rogatien Vachon was in the Montreal goal relieving Worsley, who had hurt his hand Thursday and now could not flex his glove properly, the masked Cheevers was in goal for Boston. As Thursday was Esposito's game, this was to be Sanderson's and Orr's.

Sanderson is the classic poor boy who makes it and buys the big Cadillac, pals with the swingers and hits the spots. His sideburns are down to here and his bell-bottoms out to there. He goes through money the way Sherman explored Georgia. He has a $350-a-month apartment on Beacon Hill, with a white rug on the floor like you-know-who, and he has a funny itch to wear white skate shoes (management boggles at that). One of Derek's close friends is the Red Sox' Ken (Hawk) Harrelson, the slugger who didn't want to be traded to Cleveland last week.

"The Hawk and the Seagull," says Esposito to Sanderson, gently ribbing his impulsive teammate. "He's the hawk and you're the seavenger."

If a scavenger is something that swoops down upon the remnants of a dying play and makes a feast of it, then Sanderson is a seavenger. Besides shooting a pretty good stick, Sanderson is a tremendous forecheeker and a brilliant penalty killer. Up to Sunday's game he had scored no fewer than five goals, in season and after, while the Bruins were shorthanded.

Boston began the game by collecting a penalty in the first minute, putting Sanderson and his time-killing mate Eddie Westfall to the test. The scoring began as Westfall took a pass from Sanderson, broke down the middle and fired on Vachon from 35 feet. The puck ricocheted off his stick high into the air in front of the net. With a Canadien defender leaning on him, Westfall managed to get his stick on the puck and sweep it into the net. That was shorthanded goal No. 1 for Boston Sunday.

Sanderson himself went off for elbowing, and the Canadiens cashed in their manpower advantage on a hot slap shot by Jacques Lemaire. But then the Bruins' John McKenzie drew a holding penalty and Sanderson again was asked to do his thing. Soon Derek was fighting Defenseman J. C. Tremblay for the puck behind the Montreal net—and winning. Out he came to Vachon's left. Bearing down on him was rough-tough John Ferguson. Vulnerable and off-balance, Sanderson nevertheless whipped a low shot between Vachon's pads for the Bruins' second shorthanded goal and his own eighth goal of the playoffs.

It was an essential goal but for Boston a painful play, for Ferguson slammed into Derek, his knee driving hard into Sanderson's thigh. Derek finished out the period, in which Boston blew two beautiful chances to go another goal ahead, but the leg seized on him and he was lost to the Bruins for the second and third periods.

The middle period was tight, tough and scoreless, both sides slower now after the racehorse first, and then in the last period it became a battle of the goaltenders. Vachon stopped Esposito and later Hodge on what appeared to be certain goals for Boston. With only four minutes left Cheevers shot a leg out to block a 35-foot screamer by Ferguson.

The Canadiens were rolling in on Cheevers now, and one could not help wondering if Montreal would pull off another magical, mystical coup, Forum style. This appeared unlikely when Orr ignited a two-on-one break with Westfall into the Canadien zone. At the blue line he passed off to Westfall. The pair blazed goalward, and Westfall timed a return pass perfectly. Orr, who demonstrated on this play the poise, speed and power that make him uniquely a star, bashed the puck past Vachon, and the Bruins, ahead 3–1, seemed beyond catching—until, that is, Savard scored for Montreal, with 54 seconds remaining. Jitters jangled the crowd while those seconds were harmlessly ticked off.

Sinden was not about to retract his boast that the Bruins would lose no more, and certainly the team had an air of fierce redemption about it. But the sensible bystander, wary of lightning and of ghosts whispering into crimson Canadien ears, would wait awhile before placing any serious bets.



Mod Bruin Sanderson scored a big goal

CONTINUED

. . . AND THAT OLD CELTICS WHEEL ROLLS AGAIN

Boston goes into the finals against Los Angeles graying with age, with no backup man for Russell and its best shooter ready to retire, but that was also the sad situation before the New York series

by FRANK DEFORD

They are always around at playoff time, the former Celtics, the alumni—back to visit. It seems almost the way it is when Tex Ritter calls the honor roll of oldtimers in *Hillbilly Heaven*, only with the Celtics, of course, this is invariably a happy time. After all the who-shot-John that goes on from October to March, the Celtics just go out and win the playoffs. So the old players come in and joke with Red Auerbach, the headmaster emeritus, and shake the few remaining familiar hands on the team. Every year, though, each alumnus appears as a somewhat hazier image—like hearing an old song that you know was very important to you at one time but now you can't remember precisely why. There are so many old Celtics who figured in so many old championships.

Bill Russell sits at his locker and tries to find new ways to explain the Celtics, because they have just beaten the New York Knicks for their 12th Eastern playoff title in 13 years. Russell goes along with the ritual, but the odd thing is that he best described what was to become the Celtic experience before he ever got to Boston. He was still at the University of San Francisco, and K. C. Jones had been lost to the team for the NCAA tournament. Someone asked what effect this would have on the team. "You change the spokes," Russell said, "but the wheel keeps rolling."

And that is the way it is. Some Celtics play alongside Russell, some sit on the bench, some retire and come back to shake hands. The spokes change. Each supporting star leaves, as Sam Jones will now and the soothsayers forecast doom. The wheel keeps rolling.

Win the playoffs? The Celtics are a fourth-place team that did not even play .500 ball the whole last half of the season. The Celtic regulars average over 31 years of age. That is about three years older than the world champion Detroit Tigers last year, six years older than the New York Jets. Of course, the Celtics will be younger next season since Sam, who is almost 36 and the oldest player in the league, will assume his duties as athletic director at Federal City College in Washington.

"Finis. End. Through. This is it," Sam says. Certainly he looks it. In a narrow-lapel, three-piece herringbone he moves through the mod Age of Aquarius like some fine old period piece. For diversion during the playoffs he has been studying Tommy Armour's golf tips for the middle-aged. His oldest of five children is Aubre, 11, who prefers hockey to basketball and roots for the Philadelphia 76ers. Never trust any team over 30.

Sam—the surname is seldom used except in box scores—has played old this year, too. He was injured, missed 12 games and did not come back fast enough to please Russell. He has had some good games in the playoffs, but he began to run down. The Celtics won the fourth game over the Knicks despite Sam—he shot 4 for 18—and then he was 1 for 8 when New York won to cut the Boston series lead to 3-2.

The Knicks had been putting pressure on the corners, so Russell decided that it was time his guards exploited the opening in the middle. Walt Frazier, just voted the best defensive player in the league, had pulled a groin muscle in the last seconds of the fifth game, and his lameness would make New York even more vulnerable. "I put myself into a higher pivot," Russell explained. "We would start our play like before, as if we were going to the corners, then turn them around and head things back to the middle, where the guards could use me as a pick."

Wasn't this a gamble—to have the offense depend on an old man who was shooting five for 26? Russell was pained. "That is two games," he said. "You know what Sam can do. I had to have him come out shooting."

Sam, in his stoical way, was ready. He has prospered in the league for so long, many think, in large measure because his attitude insulates him. He relaxes, away from the court, neither bugged by the last game nor anxious for the next one. "You get out there," he says, "and sometimes you have it, passing, shooting—sometimes you don't. It's all split seconds, and I just don't worry about it."

So Sam came out shooting—he was to put up 31 shots—and got free off Russell at the top of the key for the game's first basket. Frazier, pushing one hand against his sore muscle to try to still the pain, dogged Jones manfully, but Sam hit six baskets in the first half and Russell decided to start him in the third quarter, too, which he has seldom done lately. Sam broke it open with five baskets that put the Celtics 10 up. Moreover, the Knicks often double-teamed him, and this left Emmette Bryant wide open for 19 points. Sam had 29.

He was on the bench, though, when John Havlicek made the shot that won the series. New York had come back to two behind, and the teams traded baskets to 101-99. With 45 seconds left, Havlicek got the ball with only eight remaining on the 24-second clock. He cut left at the top of the key, but the Knicks were on him and no one was open.

Tom Sanders had been in the same predicament a minute before and had taken a desperation jumper that had gone in. Now Havlicek was obliged to try another. He was thinking that at least the Celtics might get the rebound. Willis Reed, under the basket, could see that Havlicek would have to take a bad shot, and when Havlicek went up at 0:40 Russell, standing by Reed, thought John was forced to jump sideways as he shot. The ball flew, just clearing the two hands in his face, and suddenly Havlicek was astonished to note that he actually felt it was on target. The ball hit the left side of the rim and banged back and forth, dropping in like a pinball. On the bench, Larry Siegfried turned to Sam. "Baby," he said. "I can't believe it."

"That's the ones that win ball games," Sam said.

The game, first ever on prime-time national TV, was followed by the Sunday contest in Los Angeles, which gave the West title to the Lakers, 4-1 over Atlanta. Thus the confrontation in the final



Looking back here after a shot, old Sam picked the right spot for his best playoff game.

that begins this week offers the ultimate in beat-Boston possibilities. Through the years the perennial Celtic playoff foes have been, first, Wilt Chamberlain teams (1-6 against Boston) and then the Lakers (0-6). Boston has usually handled them like taking a shot of whiskey and following it with a beer chaser. The mixture, in one gulp, may be somewhat tougher to manage.

Tactics start in the middle, as usual, where Russell must contain Wilt, who is playing extremely well. Last year in this endeavor Russell had help in the person of Wayne Embry (now commissioner of recreation for the city of Boston). He would relieve Bill for long stretches and lean on Wilt. This wore Chamberlain down and also made him mad as hell. Further, it convinced everyone that Russell could no longer go 48 minutes in the playoffs. So much for that notion. He went the route five times against Willis Reed, and worked even harder than usual on offense, since he found the middle open. Anyway, with Embry gone he will have to go all the way against Wilt, too. Bad News Barnes, the backup man, is so deep in Russell's doghouse that he may soon be waived to the American Kennel Club.

Elgin Baylor has not adjusted well to playing with Wilt and had only one good game, the last one, in the series with Atlanta. Any edge up front should go to the team whose reserve forward comes in with a hot hand—Celtic Don Nelson, an ex-Laker, or Laker Mel Counts, an ex-Celtic.

Jerry West gives the Lakers the better backcourt, even if the other L.A. guards do have a hard time getting the ball upcourt. West should have an easier time moving against the Boston man-to-man press than he did against Atlanta's double-teaming zone. Certainly if Sam wants to go out a winner he must offset West with some good-shooting games.

"Hey, you know what someone said?" Sam asked Russell. "They said the team wanted to win this year especially for me." Sam laughed. "I told them there was a certain amount of money involved, too."

Russell roared and struck a delicate pose. "What do they think we are now?" he said, waving limply. "Win thith one for Tham. Oh." They both laughed so loud that it was difficult to hear the sound of the wheel rolling. **END**

A JAM-UP OF TALENT AT THIRD

Seven new men, the most ever to break in simultaneously at a single major league position, are playing at baseball's hottest base. They all can hit, which is one reason why 1969 may become a vintage year **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

One of them digs graves during the cold winter months in Massachusetts, and dreams of playing in the Stanley Cup. Another had a nervous ulcer at the age of 26, yet eats hot dogs after games with everything on them but the resin bag. A third wears a low number on the back of his Yankee uniform, occupies the locker only recently vacated by Mickey Charles Mantle and, his teammates say, has a face that resembles a lemon. A fourth wears the red, white and blue cap of the new Montreal Expos and tries to forget the frustrations of 10 years spent in minor league towns from Artesia to Winnipeg. The New York Mets have one named—depending upon your powers of concentration—Amos Otis or Otis Amos and regard him as an "untouchable," and the Los Angeles Dodgers believe they have finally found that someone who will be able to do by himself what a committee of 35 has proved unable to do collectively in a decade. And—sh, be quiet about this—in Chicago the White Sox think they may have one who can even hit an official American League ball autographed by Joseph Cronin beyond the infield.

It is possible that the arrival of these seven—all of them third basemen—had, like Harvey at the side of Elwood P. Dowd, gone virtually unnoticed. It is impossible to believe, after two weeks of the 1969 baseball season, that they are unnoticed any longer. The seven—Rich Hebner of the Pirates, Bobby Etheridge of the Giants, Bobby Murcer of the Yankees, Coco Laboy of the Expos, Amos Otis of the Mets, Bill Sudakis of the Dodgers and Bill Melton of the White Sox—have opened the season in either spectacular or controversial fashion, and they represent the biggest influx of new players at one position in 100 years.

The most publicized, and perhaps the best, is Bill Sudakis of the Dodgers, who, after it looked like he was to go 0 for April, returned to Dodger Stadium late last week and slid on his belly, belted extra-base hits and drew from Roger Craig, a coach with the San Diego Padres, a rave notice. "Sudakis," said Craig, "has more guts than any man I've ever played with, against or coached." And Roger Craig is not a man known to blow smoke rings.

The most consistent of these new third basemen has been Bobby Murcer of the Yankees, who was tied for the league lead last week in homers, hits, runs batted in and drawing reporters to his locker. Murcer, 22, comes from Oklahoma, just as Mantle did, and he was signed by Yankee Scout Tom Greenwade, the same man who signed Mantle 20 years ago. He has excellent speed, bunts well enough to fool the opposition and knows enough to keep the top button of his uniform blouse unbuttoned. It is a tradition with all Yankee stars.

"I was given uniform No. 1," he says, "after it had been laid aside for two years following Bobby Richardson's retirement. Richardson asked me if I would like to wear it. Mantle was asked who he wanted to have his locker and when he picked me I was dumfounded. The low number and this locker mean something to me. But there never will be anybody half as good as Mickey Mantle."

By starting the season with a seven-game hitting streak Murcer quickly won the hearts of Yankee fans, and his every appearance at the plate brought louder and louder applause. He may become the one to turn Yankee Stadium, a structure that has attracted so much bad luck since 1965, into a Fun House.

The arrival of Coco Laboy was certainly the least publicized event in the launching of the expansion Expos. When the team was formed last August, Laboy was the 57th of 60 players picked in the expansion pool. During 10 years in the minor league organization of the St. Louis Cardinals, Laboy put together some fine seasons, including 1968, when he hit 44 doubles, knocked in 100 runs and batted .292 with pennant-winning Tulsa. But the Cardinals have always seemed to have somebody ahead of him at third. First it was Ken Boyer, then Ed Spiezio, who was fantastic in spring training, and Phil Gagliano, who had been given a large bonus, and Mike Shannon, who moved to third after Roger Maris came to St. Louis in a trade.

Thus Laboy stayed in the minors until the Expos drafted him. "We had good reports on him," says Montreal Manager Gene Mauch. "Several times when I was managing the Phillies I talked to Tony

continued

Rough, confident Dodger rookie Bill Sudakis has won all-round praise for his fielding and his hitting—and especially for his courage.





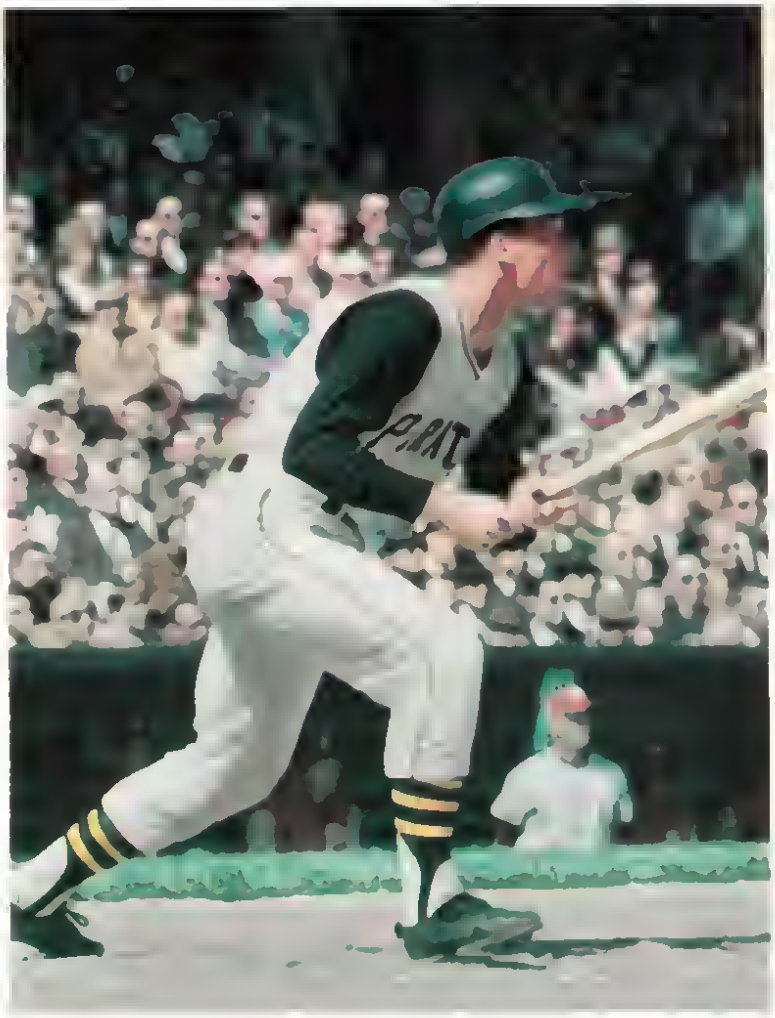


Taylor about Laboy. Before we went to the draft meetings I talked to Tony again."

Taylor, a fine student of baseball, says, "I've known Lahoy for three years. I knew when I first saw him that he could make the major leagues. He and I both played with San Juan. He'd play third and I'd play second. Then we'd switch. He could play first, too. I know he is a good ballplayer and a smart one. He is the kind of player Mauch likes. He wants to play every day and is a 100% player. He got his nickname because he drank a lot of cocoa in Puerto Rico. He is going to surprise a lot of people. I hope he doesn't surprise a lot of Phillies."

In his first game against the Phillies last week Lahoy was 4 for 5 and hiked his batting average to third best in the league, .417. But that was no surprise. Laboy had already made himself known with a three-run homer that gave the Expos an 11-10 victory in their very first game. By the end of last week only Henry Aaron of Atlanta, off to one of his finest starts, had more hits.

Pittsburgh's Richie Hebner had the dubious pleasure of opening the season against the Cards' Bob Gibson. "I was



Pirates' Richie Hebner got off fast digging the graves of pitchers, but Mets' Amos Otis, digging out grounder (below), was eased into lineup





1 for 3," he says, "and the hit didn't make the infield even though I swung as hard as I could. Gibson tried to pick it up but couldn't get it." On his first fielding play Hebner made an error. "I was nervous for a couple of hours before the game," he says. During the first two weeks of the season Hebner started three double plays at third base and, basically a line-drive hitter, had a batting average of .357 even though Manager Larry Shepard was platooning him against certain left-handed pitchers. But Shepard knows that it is difficult for rookies to break into the majors and can appreciate what Hebner is going through. "That Hebner," he says, "is amazing. God bless him."

If the similarity of the Murcer and Mantle backgrounds seems striking, Hebner's with Pie Traynor, Pittsburgh's greatest third baseman, is no less so. They were born 10 miles apart. Only 21, Hebner works in the winter for his father in a cemetery, digging graves. One day when father suggested that he was digging a bit shallow, the son said, "Haven't any of them come up yet, have they?"

A superlative high school athlete, Hebner won varsity letters for four straight years in baseball, football and hockey. He turned down a $10,000 offer from the Boston Bruins to play hockey and accepted instead $38,000 from the Pirates to play baseball. In his second game of the season Hebner tried chewing tobacco. At bat in the fourth inning he stepped out of the batter's box and spat on the ground. Plate Umpire Ed Vargo cautioned him, "Hey, kid, if you're going to do any spittin' do it in the dugout. This is big league."

The situation for Amos Otis—that is the correct order of his names—is different from that of the other third basemen because he did not open the season at third. Manager Gil Hodges felt that so much pressure had been built up around the 22-year-old player that it would be better to ease him into the lineup out of town. Every time this winter the Mets talked trade with other teams they wanted Otis thrown into the deal. Negotiations stopped right there. The Mets were not about to give up a man who could play third base as well as the outfield and who might, in fact, become the team's regular centerfielder if Tommie Agee again fails as a hitter. Hodges

continued

Bill Melton showed why White Sox are depending on him while Expos' Coco Laboy had people wondering why he had not come up long before.




NY
100TH ANNIVERSARY

was starting Otis in center last week.

One of the three Mets from Mobile, Ala., Otis earned his reputation despite an indifferent batting record of .274 in his three most recent minor league seasons. It was a "strong" .274, though, as last year when he had 70 runs batted in, 15 homers and 21 stolen bases at Jacksonville. He is so fast that in the first game he started he got two infield hits on ground balls, one of which would have been an out with almost any other player.

San Francisco's Bobby Etheridge got a hit on Opening Day, but he also made an error and was accused of misplaying another ball. The next day he suffered a groin injury and had to come out of the lineup, which was no help to the Giants, who, like Los Angeles, have had their problems at third. Jim Davenport, the best at the position, is 35 years old and has had Etheridge's same trouble with ulcers. Although not particularly big for a third baseman, Etheridge never hit lower than .278 in five minor league seasons. He is a line-drive hitter who once knocked home 107 runs at Fresno. Because of his injury he was still out of the lineup last week, but he is expected back shortly.

Like Murcer and Etheridge, Bill Melton is not, strictly speaking, a rookie. He came to bat last season 19 times too often to qualify in 1969 (Murcer has 16 at bats too many, Etheridge 25 and Sudakis just makes it under the 90 at-bat limit), but at 23 he is the boy White Sox Manager Al Lopez is counting on to drive home the few runs he needs to support what should be another good Chicago pitching staff. This spring Melton was one of the most productive hitters in training as he led Chicago in five offensive categories. He batted .341, had 14 extra-base hits, five homers and knocked in 23 runs.

In a game against the Minnesota Twins he showed that he had something more than a good swing. A hard-hit ground ball took a bad hop, caromed off the left side of his face and carried out into left field. First up in the next half-inning, Melton stood on his feet just long enough to determine that Dean Chance's fastball was boring in at that same side of his face. Down he went and up came a cloud of dust with Melton right after it. He dug in and swung at the next pitch and—too bad for the story—struck out. Somehow, though, the bat ended up sailing through the air toward the pitcher's mound, where Chance had to dodge it. "I didn't mean to hit him," Chance said later. "The ball just got away from me."

"Sure," said Melton, "the bat just got away from me, too."

"At third," the old saying goes, "you either do or you don't," a truism with which almost anyone who has ever played baseball readily agrees. What is meant, of course, is that the position depends basically upon the reflexes of the man playing it and also his courage and willingness to dive for line drives or block hot grounders with his chest. Perhaps the best third baseman playing today is Brooks Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles. His ability to scramble to the line and stuff a potential double in his glove is unmatched, just as is his instinct for turning a sacrifice bunt into a forceout at second base. Only once in the last nine seasons has he dropped a pop fly in fair territory and that one came when somebody was climbing up his back. His home in Baltimore is decorated with enough *Gold Gloves*, the fielding award, to resemble a Japanese temple and he has been the American League's starting third baseman in the last 12 All-Star Games.

Robinson, though, did not begin as a third baseman. He moved there in 1955 after his first 40 games as a professional at York in the Piedmont League. "They [Baltimore Manager Paul Richards and York Manager George Staller] decided I didn't have the range to play second," says Brooks. "But I still think it would be easier for a third baseman to switch to second or shortstop than for a shortstop or second baseman to switch to third. The ball takes a little longer getting to short or second, but at third you've gotta take it as it comes and you develop faster hands.

"As far as I'm concerned it has to be easier playing third base up here than in the minors. They hit the ball just as hard in the minors, but the fields are better in the majors. When you're 18 years old, though, you never think about what the fields are like. You don't know any better and you're thinking about getting to the majors."

It is Robinson's contention that he can still improve on getting to balls hit to his backhand, but only a connoisseur would ever know that. "I guess the best third baseman I ever saw," he says, "was Clete Boyer, but I couldn't play the position like he does. He plays it the opposite way I do. Boyer stands almost in a full squat. If I ever bent down like that I'd never be able to get up in time. And Boyer doesn't reach for the ball until the last second. I get my glove down the moment the ball is hit."

In his early days with the Orioles, Robinson now admits, he often thought to himself, "'What if I blow one?' That's what I was always thinking. I learned a few good lessons then. One day Minnie Minoso of the White Sox was on third, the ball was hit to me and Minnie gave me a great fake. He went about five feet, and I fired the ball to the plate. By that time Minnie was walking back to third. That taught me to make sure that the runner was going, or that he was far enough off to get caught in a rundown."

But even for the finest third basemen—like Robinson, Ron Santo of the Chicago Cubs, Boyer of Atlanta and Don Wert of the Tigers—those terrible times still come up when a ball is hit so hard that no reflexive action is quick enough to cope with it. Robinson remembers an incident in 1968 when he was very glad he had not reacted faster. "Frank Howard of the Washington Senators," he says, "hit a line drive so hard it was only a blur. I jumped, and by the time I got to the top of my jump and twisted around, the ball was bouncing off the left-field wall. I didn't think anything about it then, but when I got back to the dugout I broke into a cold sweat. If I could have jumped any quicker, the ball might have hit me right in the face."

These seven youngsters, who all one day would like to be compared to a player with the third-base skills of Brooks Robinson, have made good beginnings. If they don't have their heads taken off by sizzling line drives sometime between now and October, this could be their vintage year, the year of the hot third basemen. **END**

Newest Yank glamour boy is Bobby Murcer, who dresses at Mantle's old locker, wears Richardson's number and affects boss' hairdo.



JEAN-CLAUDE

LEADING THE

The Playboy Club gave him a card, Hertz rented him a sports car, banks cashed his checks. Chevrolet dealers pressed to meet him, a police chief

A little while ago we left Jean-Claude Killy schussing through the solid-gold canyons of industry picking up $2 million worth of contracts. Clairol got to bottle his charisma and Chevrolet outdid Henry and Charlotte Ford on the automotive front. He was television's darling, the cameras not only catching him swirling through his own CBS series—*The Killy Style*—on skis, but bullfighting and bon vivanting on the Riviera. An international poll named him one of the world's 12 best dressed men. Hollywood directors filled his mailbox with movie scripts. But in the crowd cashing in on the handsome new ski god down from Olympus, there has emerged one especially handsome and bold individual—a Killy impostor.

Last month forged checks for small amounts, signed with a flourish in the name of Killy, began to bounce in Pittsburgh, Chicago and Detroit. About the same time a group of Chevrolet dealers in Detroit reported that Killy had appeared at one of their breakfast meetings and had been, alas, unimpressive. Killy's lawyer and business manager, Mark McCormack, told Chevrolet there must be some mistake—first because Killy is always impressive and second because on the day of the meeting Killy was in Megève. Next McCormack received a telephone call from a newspaperman in Elyria, Ohio. Killy had been in town and had departed with two local schoolteachers. "No, no," said McCormack. "Would my Killy do that? Killy is in Paris." Chicago's Playboy Club advised that Killy had requested and been issued a membership card. "Impossible," cried McCormack, holding his head. The French consul general called . . . the Statler hotel called . . . Hertz called, wondering what had happened to its flashy sports car. Finally McCormack got on the phone himself, with the FBI, and the story of Jean-Fraud Killy began to emerge.

Jean-Fraud, as those who were fooled by him have called him, appears to have been a relatively small spender having a big time posing as a celebrity. Measured on nerve alone, he must be the equal of Killy himself. He is remembered well, for example, by Mickey Rogula, who owns and manages the Sheraton Motor Inn in Woodhaven, Mich., just south of Detroit.

"He was here twice," Rogula ruefully recalls. "He drove in one afternoon in the middle of March and I gave him a single room. He was wearing a ski sweater and had a pair of ski goggles on his head, but I didn't pay any attention to him. A couple of hours later the man who was working the desk noticed his name. He had signed the register, 'Jean-Claude Killy, French Olympic Ski Team.' While I was looking at the register this guy comes down. I've been conned by experts and I'm no cupcake. But this guy is Jean-Claude Killy. There could be no mistake about it. We go in the dining room and I buy him a sandwich and we talk about skiing and the Olympics. I figure to myself, 'Holy cow, the house is yours.' Jerk that I am, I look at his car and I don't even realize that if he's Jean-Claude Killy what is he doing driving around in an American Motors AMX instead of a Chevrolet?"

Rogula keeps a Polaroid camera in his office to record notable occasions and he had an employee take a photograph of himself and his celebrity. The impostor autographed the picture, in French, and told Rogula he would be glad to give him a letter of recommendation if he came to France. Killy II checked out, but a few days later Rogula got a phone call from him saying he was driving back to Detroit and would like to stop by and say hello. Rogula invited him to breakfast, and while they were eating in the coffee shop some General Motors dealers came into the motel for their weekly meeting.

"We had 48 guys in the place from Chevrolet," Rogula says. "Well, they flipped when I introduced them to my old friend Killy and they implored him to come in and say a few words to the group. He was very shy, but he finally agreed to go in and shake hands. Afterward I walked him to the parking lot, where he jumped into his AMX. It had a crest on the side that said 'Jean-Claude Killy.' "

Mickey Rogula did not learn for several days that he had been fooled. He had cashed a $13 check for Jean-Fraud, which he hopes the bank returns. "I want to take it and the picture of me with that guy and make a sign that reads 'Dum-Dum' and hang it all up in my office. I've never been had like this."

But if the ersatz Killy cut a spectacular path in Woodhaven, it was nothing to what he achieved in the pleasant Midwestern community of Elyria, Ohio.

"The first time he stopped here was about March 12," recalls David Pierce, the manager of Elyria's Holiday Inn. "He was a little hard to understand because of his French accent. He said he was going to Vermont. Two or three

LIFE OF KILLY

wes proud to shake his hand and e whole Ohio town was excited, all beceuse he was Jean-Claude Killy. Only he wasn't

by PAT RYAN



JEAN-FRAUD

weeks later he was back. I saw him drive up and I went to the lobby to greet him. He said he would leave the car in front because it would be good advertising for the motel. He even suggested I try out the car, so I drove it around the parking lot."

This time "Killy" spent two days in Elyria. He said he liked the peace and quiet and the fact that he could go unnoticed among the townspeople. During one pleasant interlude he was introduced at a wedding reception being held at the Holiday Inn for the daughter of an area FBI agent. He toasted the pretty bride with proper Gallic flair and shook hands with Elyria's police chief. The next morning Pierce cosigned a $400 check so that Jean-Fraud could cash it at a local bank.

"You did me a favor," the visitor told the motelkeeper. "Now I help you." With that the supposed superstar began signing autographs at the bank and soon was being accompanied about Elyria by a reporter from the local newspaper. He posed for photographs at the Holiday Inn, and the next morning, March 30, the Elyria *Chronicle-Telegram* carried a front-page story headlined KILLY COMES TO TOWN.

The story told how the previous afternoon Killy had turned on a television set and watched a show called *The Killy Style*. He had commented on various parts of the production and the difficulties in making it. And he had observed that "Everyone wants me to do something. I've been offered a starring role in a film with Steve McQueen and I've been asked to write an advice-to-the-lovelorn column. I don't know yet what I will do. Primarily I want to remain free." The *Chronicle-Telegram* writer noted with some sympathy that "money is waiting for him everywhere if he will just sign his name. . . . If he can keep from drowning in his own overexposure, Killy may last as a rare super-athlete-phenom who remains an honest man."

The irony of these words was not immediately obvious, but two days later—April Fool's Day—the newspaper became suspicious about the town's celebrity and put in a telephone call to McCormack at his office in Cleveland, just 30 miles away. McCormack confirmed the worst. Elyria had been duped—charmingly, perhaps, but duped. By this time the impostor had left town, taking with him two of the town's schoolteachers whom he had met at the Holiday Inn. They accompanied him to Chicago, and when they returned to Elyria a couple of days later they were still convinced they had been befriended by the real Killy.

Sometime during the next week the impostor got his Playboy Club card. In Chicago, however, he was stopped by police while driving around in his AMX. Hertz had notified the police that the car, which was signed out in Killy's name, was one of theirs and was long overdue. The apprehended man had a number of papers in his possession that identified him as one Bernard Dubrulle, but he explained that Dubrulle was the "pseudonym that Killy used" in order to avoid recognition and publicity. He promptly settled the account with Hertz and suggested that the police contact the French consul in Chicago to verify his story. But since the Hertz complaint had been satisfied, the police released the man. However, the French consul, Jean-Louis Mandereau, did receive a telephone call on April 4 from a man who identified himself as Killy. The caller asked Mandereau to loan him enough money to return to Val d'Isère "where all my money is put away."

"After some questioning I was convinced he was not Killy," says Mandereau. "I have never met Killy, but when you are a good Frenchman, as I am, you begin to understand the difference between Frenchmen. Jean-Claude Killy is a man of great stature in our country. One can listen for his accent, his way of behaving over the phone. Later I checked with Mr. McCormack, and my suspicions were confirmed."

Jean-Fraud had disappeared once again, but the FBI was now shouting "track" along his trail. In fact, the saga of the counterfeit Killy may have ended. Late last week in Portland, Ore., federal authorities arrested one Bernard Dubrulle, a 25-year-old French citizen, for a violation of the immigration and naturalization laws, and, shortly thereafter, the FBI announced the filing of a complaint against Dubrulle for cashing a fraudulent $100 check signed J. C. DUB Killy (*sic*). The FBI says that Dubrulle cashed the check at a Detroit hotel where he was purporting to be Jean-Claude Killy.

While Bernard Dubrulle was spending last week in a Portland jail, the real Jean-Claude Killy was getting ready for a sports car race at Monza, Italy. Chevrolet insists Killy will have no stand-in for all those high-speed turns he will face. Monza's schoolteachers will report later. END

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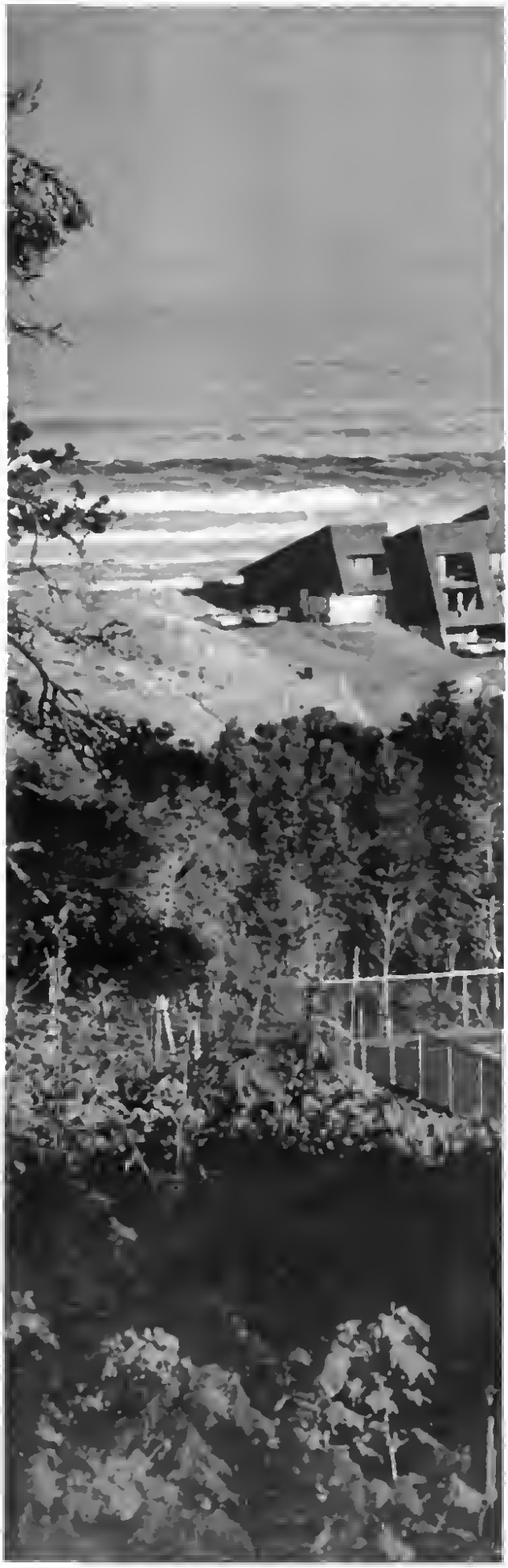
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No matter how you approach it down 101 from Tillamook, Ore or north from Depoe Bay Salishan comes as a shock. After miles of beer joints and tourist cabins, there—suddenly—is something worthy of its landscape, a resort community that doesn't abuse the view but instead preserves and even enhances this stretch of Oregon coast. Salishan is one of a handful of really distinguished new vacation communities to be built in America. It has been developed by John Gray, a native Oregonian who made a fortune manufacturing saw chains. Gray is dedicated to preserving the beauty of his state as if in recompense for the scars a chain saw leaves. His investment—a natural bird sanctuary, a golf course and the extraordinary comfort of an inn at the center of a community that now includes 100 vacation homes—is way out of line for a fast-money resort. But at Salishan fast money obviously is not the idea.



A shingled row of condominiums, designed by Blair and Zaik, provides a dramatic accent near the edge of the sea. Setbacks not only provide shelter from the wind but privacy for a row of adjacent dwellings. Tennis courts are free for homeowners.







The Lodge (top) was designed by John Storrs. Its setting is a sea of yellow broom. The dune condominiums are of cedar siding, bleached as silvery as the jackstraw maze of redwood and cedar logs that drift up from the California lumber camps. Beachcombing is one of Salishan's most rewarding pastimes.

CONTINUED





A child's playground contains a miniature Mt. Hood of bleached pilings, one of the rare evidences of man-made landscaping at Salishan. All planting is native to the Oregon coast, and the only "gardens" are in pots and boxes on decks of houses.





Residents fish for steelhead in Drift Creek and cast for flounder on Siletz Bay. By the summer, the hotel will have its own smokehouse and will smoke guests' salmon in exchange for half the catch. The hotel's share will be served as cocktail fare.



The motor inn, with an architecture best described as Northwest-Orient modern, has 126 isolated units, connected by covered walkways. There are a swimming pool and sauna and one of the best restaurants to be found between San Francisco and Seattle



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

Houses stretch along the 2½ miles of beach or overlook the ups and downs of the 18-hole golf course. There is a design committee to control Salishan architecture, and it has approved a $10,000 gem of a vacation house as well as $100,000 spectaculars.

CONTINUED

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OREGON'S VISIONARY LAND LOVER

John Gray, the man who built Salishan, started his business career back in 1948, seated on a nail keg in Portland, Ore., the 16th employee of a fledgling firm called Omark Industries. In five years Gray was president, and under him the cutting chain and metal products company has multiplied and expanded around the world. Last year it grossed more than $70 million.

One might expect a man such as Gray, who has made it so big so quickly, to behave like the tycoon he is. Instead, he has the manner of a bashful lepidopterist making his first trip to the big city. "He's the last guy you'd notice coming down the street," says one of his business associates. "He's so retiring you really have to be on the inside in Oregon industry to know his accomplishments. All that vitality, his vision and faith in Oregon, are poured out through his many interests—not in personal ostentation. It would never occur to him to acquire an executive plane."

Kept fit and trim by the outdoor life he leads with his wife and five children, Gray knows his home state with a backpacker's lug-boot familiarity. "Trying to build attractive industrial parks for my business got me interested in environmental atmosphere," Gray says, "and I guess that's how I got involved with Salishan."

The Grays had often vacationed at the mouth of the Siletz River on a particularly beautiful stretch of coast bound by Cape Foulweather and Cascade Head. Determined to use this land properly, "to set an example," Gray bought 550 still-unspoiled acres on the dunes of Gleneden Beach in the midst of the shabby resorts that cater to Oregon's central cities. The idea was to salvage some appealing land for vacation houses and to keep the architecture simple and empathetic with the grand forests on one side and the storm-swept beaches in front. Salishan is the result—its contemporary buildings melding quietly into the surrounding forest.

On the east side of the Cascade Mountains, 15 miles south of Bend, Ore., Gray is building a second recreational community in the thousands of green square miles of Deschutes National Forest. This new project, 10 times the size of Salishan, is called Sunriver. It will open this summer with an 18-hole golf course, swimming pool and 4,500-foot landing strip. Condominiums and houses are under construction. Sunriver is a 20-year plan, an even more ambitious attempt by Gray "to create a commercial enterprise that blends into the environment without insult." Eventually it will grow to a series of village clusters, each with a character of its own, housing around 5,000 people. Large natural areas preserved for common enjoyment will separate the villages, joined by 12 miles of paths restricted to foot, bicycle and electric-cart travel. The excellent skiing of Bachelor Butte is only 45 minutes away. Landscape Architect Robert Royston is the overall planner, working at Gray's insistence on wide open space and wildlife refuge.



John Gray surveys the dunes of Salishan

Gray's entry into large-scale land development is a calculated attempt to raise Oregon's hackwoodsy taste to a level in keeping with its natural beauty. His concept couldn't have come along at a better time for Oregon, on the eve of mass discovery by trampled Californians wending their way northward.

—DOLLY CONNELLY



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THE RIGHT WAY TO BEGIN

by WELBY VAN HORN
with FRANK DEFORD

No teaching professional in tennis—or possibly in any sport—can boast the magnitude of success enjoyed by Welby Van Horn, who has been the pro at the Caribe Hilton Hotel and Tennis Club in San Juan since 1951. Van Horn taught 1967's top-ranked U.S. player, Charlie Pasarell, how to play the game when he was only 8, and Pasarell is just one of many champions that Van Horn has trained.

Tennis was virtually nonexistent in Puerto Rico when Van Horn first arrived. But during the years since his program began to bear fruit in 1955, 21 of the players who learned the game under him have earned a total of 134 national rankings. Eleven different Van Horn protégés have reached the finals of national championships, including 14-year-old Freddy De Jesus, who is the young model seen in many of the illustrations on these pages. The son of a Chase Manhattan Bank vice-president, Freddy is the present 14-and-under U.S. singles champion and twice national doubles champion in his age group.

Freddy is a typical Van Horn product. In 1959, five of Welby's students were ranked in the top 24 of the 15-and-unders, which was as many ranked players as came out of Southern California that year, and more than all of Florida produced. This impressive record has been achieved despite the fact that Van Horn has only the children of 600 club-member families to draw from and only four courts to work on. Indeed, there are only 65 tennis courts in all Puerto Rico, and many of those are situated on private estates that are inaccessible to all but the privileged few.

Because of the sparse facilities Van Horn players necessarily come on in waves, a few years apart. It works this way: a group, say, of Van Horn 12-year-olds will have become so proficient and interested in the game

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK MULLINS

that they will dominate all the available courts for two or three years until they go away to school in the States. Their younger brothers and sisters of 10 or 11 thus may never get the opportunity to develop, since they cannot get onto the courts. The next wave will be composed of *their* younger brothers and sisters.

Van Horn himself was a world-class player, one of the youngest finalists ever at Forest Hills. He lost in 1939 to Bobby Riggs when he was only a few days past his 19th birthday. A precocious pro at 21, he is thus a veteran teacher of 26 years' experience, although he is still only 47.

His original methods of teaching often contradict accepted standards, as is evident from the following pages, where, for the first time, Van Horn shows with words and illustrations how he teaches a beginner to learn to play the game. His success is such that this primer should serve the purpose not only of teaching tennis to neophytes but of showing all young players the methods that have started more players on the road to championships than any other.

FROM MY SIDE

The first thing I make clear to any new student when I start to teach him tennis is that my methods of instruction are different from those of most professionals, even revolutionary in some areas. There is an old myth that tennis is an easy game. My teaching is based strictly on the premise that tennis is a very difficult game. Rather than try to cope with frustrations that must surely overtake a student later on, I try to prepare him in advance.

The mythmakers point out that since so many millions play tennis, it must be easy. But the expression "to play tennis" is ambiguous and open to wide interpretation. My feeling is that 95% of the tennis population *play* tennis, but only the other 5% are actually tennis players.

While the vast majority of the 95% who play at tennis may enjoy their activity on the courts, I believe they would enjoy it much more if they could reach a level closer to their potential. In any activity I believe that the enjoyment increases in direct proportion to proficiency, so what I strive for with my students is maximum proficiency.

In tennis genuine proficiency is a very difficult goal, because the rate of progress, like that in learning to play the piano, is slow. How really good is a new player after 10 or 20 or even 30 lessons? Not very. But proper instruction can accelerate the learning process and eliminate the discouragement that forces so many thousands to drop out.

To succeed in tennis you must learn every phase of the game, for you are alone on the court. Kids learning a team sport may not do well at it either, but they are likely to stick at it longer than at tennis, because in a team sport there are always friends and teammates around who are also doing poorly. They provide both company and consolation. Not so in tennis. If you cannot learn to play well—and learn fairly quickly—you can seldom find anyone who will deign to play with you. Tennis players are haughty that way, too vain on any level to enjoy playing beneath themselves.

To play tennis you must want to make the necessary sacrifices, you must have the patience, the diligence and the discipline to work long hours by yourself—batting a ball against a backboard or using something like one of my favorite practice devices (*opposite page*), a ball fastened to a weight on the ground by an elastic string. (It is marketed by Moody and Co., Milford, Conn.)

Charlie Pasarell perfected his game initially by banging the ball on the string for hours every day on his own driveway. He also used another of my recommended exercises, practicing in front of a mirror.

This sort of determination is up to the student. No teacher can give it to him artificially. I never concern myself with enforcing discipline while I am giving lessons. I believe that discipline begins at home, and my association with a youngster—a brief hour or so a week—



is not enough time for me to make any significant changes in demeanor. It is not worth the effort, for teacher or student.

But discipline—not to be confused with court manners and tennis etiquette in general—is not the responsibility of a pro, the rapport that he establishes with the student is vital to good teaching. He must work hard to make a child like him enough to listen to what he says. Believe me, children are the last people to attach importance to an instructor's credentials. You must win a beginner through your personality and by showing him that you are interested in him.

The best way to achieve this—and it applies whether you are a pro teaching a stranger or a father teaching his own child—is to associate tennis with other interests that the child already has. For instance, if I find that a beginner enjoys baseball, I point out how much the pitching motion is like a serve. If I am teaching a girl who studies ballet, I show her the importance of balance in tennis, just as it applies to dancing. Relating tennis to the rest of a child's world remains the best way of bringing him into yours and thus closer to your common concern —tennis.

I must say that in general the style and level of some tennis instruction is unoriginal. Golf pros are constantly sharing new ideas and approaches to their game, but most tennis pros seem too suspicious of each other and too determined to guard their own methods and views. One result of this petty jealousy is that opinions are isolated and hardened, and some of the most fundamental misconceptions of the game are accepted without ever really being tested. Tennis instruction often reflects old wives' tales rather than instruction based on proper examination, analysis and study.

Let me give you one brief example. One of the first things that almost all new players are invariably and emphatically taught is that they must make every effort to play with bended knees. "Bend your knees, bend your knees." Like everyone else, I heard this so often for so long that I assumed it surely must be the truth. So when I first began teaching I naturally carried on in that philosophy. Over the years, though, I could not help but notice the posture of many of the beginning and intermediate players on the courts. These players, of all ages, were moving about the court, curiously and certainly uncomfortably, looking less like athletes than like Wolf J. Flywheel, the old Groucho Marx character who used to slink across the screen in a morning suit, his knees just about scraping the floor. It occurred to me that maybe you can get more laughs than points with this method, and I began to study the whole matter of body balance and its relationship to strokes.



Eventually I came to teach my beginning pupils to do exactly the opposite with their knees, to strive for a fairly erect position, especially at the completion of each stroke. Certainly you will bend your knees sometimes—reaching down to hit a low ball, or when you are running hard—but don't concentrate on bending your knees more than is necessary to reach the ball, for there is no good reason to do so.

In beginning to learn the game, I absolutely demand an orderly progression of instruction. I know some pros like to start out by teaching the serve first. After all, they reason, you have to serve to start a game, and the beginners all want to get out there and score points.

Ridiculous. Competition can wait. The drudgery must, I am afraid, come first. A "pay now, win later" process is the only orderly one. Ideally, in the first six months of play a newcomer should practice 70% of his court time and actually play only 30%.

Except briefly to gauge how much coordination a new student possesses, I do not even permit my students to pick up a racket during their first lesson, and only in the third lesson of my progression teaching do I let them actually swing at a ball. Why? Because stroke is only the third of the four major foundation elements of tennis. In order, they are: 1) BALANCE, 2) GRIP, 3) STROKE, 4) STRATEGY.

If you want a child to learn the game properly, it is my opinion that you should introduce him to it in the sequence above, for I believe it is the only logical one. To check that logic, consider the elements in reverse order. You cannot plot and effect *strategy* if you cannot control the ball, and you cannot control the ball without the proper *strokes* which are themselves dependent upon correct *grips*. Since the strokes are also dependent upon the action of the whole body, we must put the racket aside at first and begin with work on the primary essential, *balance*.

CONTINUED



BALANCE

With balance exercises you do not need a racket. You don't need a court either. All you do need is a full-length mirror or a large window that reflects well. That's what I use with my students. A child can work on balance quite well in his own time all by himself.

For either the forehand or backhand balance, there are three parts of the body that are the keys. You need only watch these three areas to see if the whole is performing correctly. The three checkpoints are the *head*, the *hips* and the *heels*. Watch these 3-*H* keys in the mirror.

Begin the FOREHAND BALANCE by turning sideways to the mirror, pretending that the mirror is the net. Your feet should be spread apart slightly less than the width of your shoulders, as in the illustration at right. Forget about your arms and just let them hang loosely at your side.

The forehand balance begins when you take a step and shift your weight firmly onto your forward foot. For right-handed players this means the left foot, for lefties the right foot, but to make it easy for all I call it the *anchor* foot. And that is exactly what it does—it anchors. You do not move this foot after the initial step. It should form about a 30° angle with the net and remain in that position after the step and throughout the movement. It is the rear foot, which I call the *adjustment* foot, that does the work.

Remember: the anchor foot, steady, holds your balance. The adjustment foot, flexible, allows you to turn your hips so that you can finish your swing.

The adjustment is with the toe and heel, turning, as you see in the drawings, to permit the whole body to pivot. The final action is a movement of the body into the *erect* position, knees comfortably flexed. Your swing is going to be upward for almost all shots—after all, the aim is usually to get the ball up and over the net—so the body should move up with the swing, complementing it.

The head should be held level throughout the exercise, helping to keep the whole torso fairly erect. You might even want to work like a fashion model with some object on top of your head. Barring that, I ask my students to imagine that they are holding a glass of water on their heads.

It is curious that so much is said about the importance of the position of the head in golf but so little in tennis. I consider the position of the head vital to tennis form. When you complete the balance movement, your head should not only be level but it should be located directly above your anchor foot.

We have watched two of the 3-*H* checkpoints, head and heels. The third is the hips. At the completion of the movement the hips should be just about level or with the hip that is opposite the anchor foot only slightly higher than the other.

The BACKHAND BALANCE, illustrated at *left*, is much like the forehand, but the backhand is a more natural shot than the forehand. Since as you are swinging away from your body on the follow-through instead of across it, there is not as much adjustment required with the back foot.

Do not try the backhand balance until you have perfected the forehand exercises. Then, when you are ready to try the backhand, turn the page and compare the illustrated sequences of Freddy making both strokes. Note these differences in the backhand balance: one, the anchor foot forms about a 45° angle (instead of the 30° angle of the forehand). In taking the racket back, the body turns more than on the forehand, while on the follow-through it turns less. Two, the adjustment foot is not required to move so extremely. Since on the follow-through the whole body rotates less, you will have the feeling of leaning into the ball. And, three, the rear hip is definitely higher than the front hip at the completion of the exercise.

In both forehand and backhand balance, however, the head should remain level. Indeed, it is even more important to remember to keep the head straight in the backhand, for many beginners tend to yank their head back when they hit the ball. If they learn the correct balance form first it will be much easier for them to maintain it once they begin to hit balls.

Now, though, before we actually hit a ball, let us first learn how to grip the tennis racket.



GRIP

When they first pick up a racket, most novices handle it as if it were some kind of cudgel. But a tennis racket is, after all, a stringed instrument, much more closely related to a violin than a baseball bat. To get the most out of a racket, firm but sensitive handling is demanded.

I believe that touch may be the single most valuable asset that a tennis player can possess, and touch, to a great extent, derives from the grip. Unfortunately, the type of grips that I believe should be taught to newcomers in both the forehand and backhand are not the easiest to learn. A correct grip is uncomfortable at first and, like new shoes, it takes some wearing in. However, the grips I recommend will be the best in the long run—particularly if the novice using them ever reaches an advanced level of play where a great touch is required to make such difficult shots as the volley, drop shot and lob.

I must make it plain from the first that, unlike many pros, I do *not* advise a newcomer to use the same grip for forehand and backhand. The difference between the two grips that I recommend is slight, but it is significant.

First of all, however, before you try any grip, I want you to *choke up* on the racket (*picture A below*). This can work in tennis for the same reasons that it works in baseball. Choke up until you feel that you are really comfortable in manipulating the full length and weight of the racket. Only then should you move your hand down to grip the end of the racket handle.

Choking-up also helps provide a key checkpoint to your stroke (*picture B*). The extension of the handle—the butt end—should never hit your wrist during a forehand, backhand or service swing. If it does, you are stroking improperly. The choke-up is thus a built-in aid to proper strokes.

For the forehand, I teach what is essentially a *finger grip*, and the same holds true for the backhand. Never mind all the fancy names given these grips. You will use a finger grip, one of great touch. Keep the heel of your hand firmly on the handle, all the fingers wrapped around it.

Follow picture C below to get a proper grasp on the racket. The thumb should come around the handle, fitting between forefinger and middle finger. The knuckle on the forefinger should line up directly behind the racket handle.

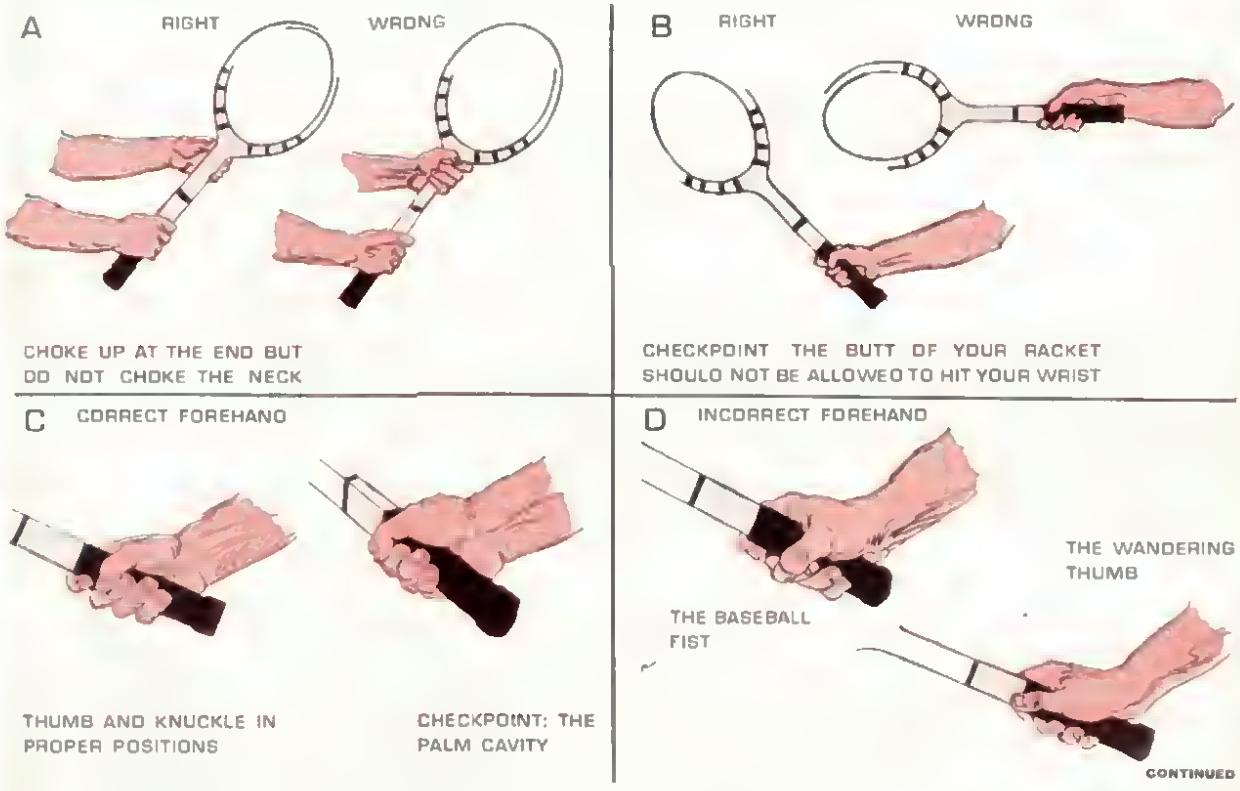
To check and make sure you have copied the grip correctly, compare your grip with that shown in the picture. As in the drawing, where the racket lies in the palm of the hand, there should be a little cavity formed. If not, you are gripping the racket improperly, and the cavity is probably formed on the underside of the racket handle by the crook in your little finger. This will pull your little finger and your ring finger off the handle and rob your grip of the extra support and touch it should have. This grip, the *misplaced cavity*, is a sign of a wrong forehand grip.

Now, study the pictures of two bad grips to help make sure you are not using them (*picture D*). Besides the misplaced cavity grip, there is the baseball-fist grip. The player is squeezing the wind out of the racket; he can provide no touch. The third common bad grip has a wandering thumb. It's all right in the backhand, but not in the forehand.

The backhand grip I teach differs only slightly from the forehand, but take the time to learn them both. Eventually you will find that you adjust to the proper grip on court without even being aware of it.

The backhand grip differs from the forehand in that you turn your hand slightly to the left on the handle, about a one-eighth or a one-quarter turn. Grasp properly, and the knuckle on your forefinger will not be behind the broad part of the handle as in the forehand but almost on top of it. Remember that it is not *on* top, but *almost* on top.

As with the forehand, the thumb should make a circle about the handle, lacing back in between the third and fourth fingers. About half of the players who have mastered this grip like to extend their thumb along the backside of the racket, and if you are more comfortable that way, go ahead. With the backhand, either thumb position is permitted.



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FOREHAND

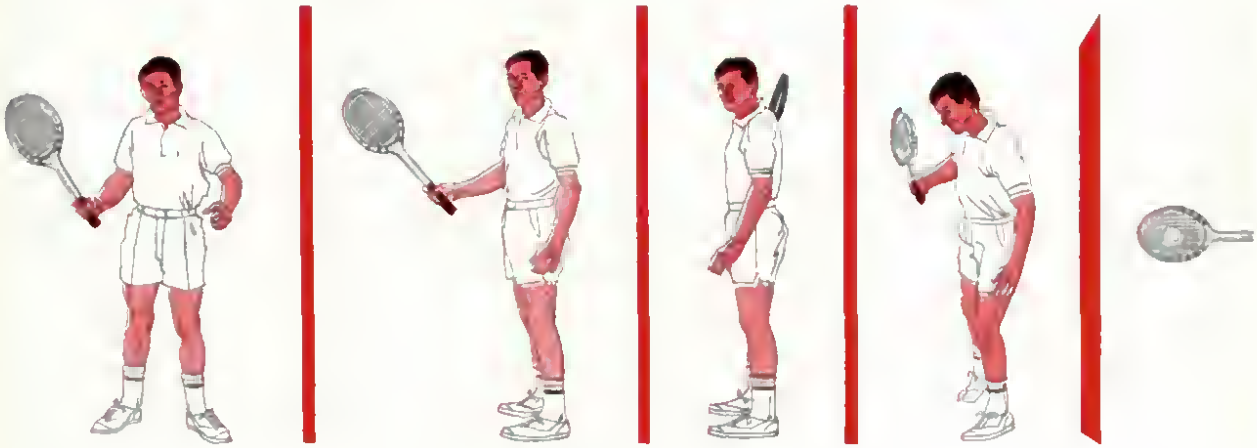
Now at last we are ready to hit a ball. Stand facing the net, holding the racket in a forehand grip, the butt pointing right at your stomach. With your free hand, hold the neck of the racket gingerly in your fingers. Get into the habit of doing this before all strokes. In the ready position the racket should be pointed straight ahead and slightly up, as shown in the first of the sequence pictures below.

Now turn sideways, as you learned with balance, and prepare for the backswing. Take the racket back even with your shoulders. Do not turn your shoulders more than your body turns. The more you turn your shoulders, the longer your backswing and the harder it is going to be to get out of your own way. This is particularly true in the forehand where you must swing across your body.

Throughout the stroke, you must imagine that your racket is a rifle. When you bring it through you want it to point and fire. The key to keeping the racket so pointed is a firm grip and a strong wrist. Do not let your wrist collapse.

Also remember during the backswing to keep the face of the racket perpendicular to the ground. Do not twist the face, or, as we say, "open" it or "close" it. Most beginners like to do that to give their move a little flourish. Don't. Bring the racket straight back, and then, in a small circular motion, start bringing the racket forward. Hit slightly under the ball.

As you come forward with the racket, the balance you have learned in the early



BACKHAND

The backhand takes longer to learn than the forehand, but it can in time become the more reliable stroke. It involves a more natural, flowing motion, away from the body, and it can develop into the steady part of anyone's game.

The backhand differs in a few distinct ways from the forehand as you will note in the picture sequence below. First of all, in the backswing you must help carry the racket back with your free hand, keeping the fingers lightly on the neck, as in the ready position.

Second, you take the racket head a bit farther back than you did in the forehand, because on the backhand your shoulders must naturally turn more for adequate power and a proper follow-through. The backhand motion through the hitting area is virtually the same as in the forehand, but let me remind you that a collapsed wrist is more common with the backhand.

You will remember from the balance work in front of the mirror that the rear hip is higher than the front one in the backhand. You are leaning into the ball. Once you make the hit, though, your body moves up into the erect position with knees comfortably flexed. In the follow-through your racket hand should be as high as your shoulder; the racket should end pointing straight up.

From either side, when you have progressed to the point of trying to hit low or high balls, you will find only slight prob-



STRATEGY

The fourth and final element of little-court tennis is the strategic, and for the beginner this is very simple. No matter who you are playing or under what circumstances, the strategy for every point in the game is *get the ball over the net*.

This is really not a bad maxim even for competitive tennis players of almost any competence. After all, even at the highest level of tennis points are scored as the result of errors 50% of the time. With beginners errors must account for placements at least 20 to 1.

So my advice is: try to hit the ball over the net and into the court and go with the odds. Let the other guy blow the shot. Do not concern yourself with placement or power. Hit the ball well over the net—I mean clear it by three feet or more—and hit it safely down the middle.

About the worst thing that can happen to a new player is for him to make a great shot one day by mistake. He is likely then to think that he has the game mastered, and that he should try from then on to play it better than he possibly can. So I advise again, at any level, do not attempt to play beyond your ability to control the ball.

Stay away from the net. Even if you find yourself in mid-court, go back rather than forward. A beginner has no idea how to play the net and no business being there at all except to come in and play a short ball.

Practice regularly, of course, but only if you are going to be faithful in what you have been taught. Practice alone does not make perfect; correct practice does.

Above all, promise yourself that you will be content just to play defensive tennis for a long while. Beginning tennis players start losing when they go on the offensive and start improvising. Believe me, you're not good enough to do either, and you will not be for some time. Tennis, as I said at the beginning, is a very hard game. But if you will work at it as you are told, you can come to play it well and, from it, gain a special measure of satisfaction. END





PEOPLE

England's **Lord Langford,** a racehorse breeder and ex-steeplechase jockey, has a part in a film about Robin Hood. He plays a Norman cavalryman and provides his own horse. "I'm being paid five pounds," his lordship reports. And the horse? Five pounds.

✦ On location near Madrid for a role in a "satirical western" called *Preferably Dead*, **Nino Benvenuti** took time out from one unfamiliar activity for another—bullfighting. "He showed no special interest in fooling around with the bull more than once," one observer reported. Benvenuti's motto appears to be "Preferably Alive."

Harold Hays, 49er linebacker, has won the Texas National Bass Tournament, outfishing 91 anglers from 15 states under far from ideal conditions. It rained heavily on the third and final day, high winds made Sam Rayburn Reservoir unsafe (five boats had to be towed in and two others almost sank) and at one point there was some question as to whether a tornado was going to hit. It didn't, but for Hays the fish did. He caught 105 pounds 5 ounces of black bass, for which he won $2,200 worth of cash prizes and merchandise.

✦



ABC claims to have invented the instant replay, CBS disagrees, claiming *it* invented the instant replay and NBC claims to have invented the term instant replay. **Jerry Kramer**'s book *Instant Replay* has sold 170,000 copies. Now **Willis Crenshaw** of the Cardinals and **Charlie Brown** of the Saints have formed a musical group and named it the Instant Replays. Too much, as the saying goes, is plenty.

A new Rolls-Royce advertisement devotes two pages to limning the tasteful extravagances of the Silver Shadow convertible ("The most personal Rolls-Royce of all"), among them upholstery made from the hides of beasts that apparently lived and died standing up, so as not to scratch themselves, and wood veneers coded so that should they be marred they can be matched from the same logs. The reader also is informed that, if he happens to be "a very personal shape," Rolls-Royce will design a special seat for him, as they did recently for "a 6' 10" basketball star." Since the Silver Shadow goes for $31,600, the basketball star of the appropriate height and affluence would seem to be **Bill Russell** or **Nate Thurmond,** but the former drives a 1968 Lamborghini and the latter a 1969 Cadillac. Upon inquiry a Rolls-Royce public-relations person said that *he* thought the player was **Wilt Chamberlain.** But Wilt's shape is even more personal (by 3") than 6' 10" and he drives a 1967 Maserati and a 1962 Bentley. Finally the PR man admitted to a "bit of difficulty" about the identification and passed the ball to the agency responsible for the ad. A gentleman there recalled hearing the story from someone who had spoken to someone while visiting the Rolls-Royce factory in England. The ad says, "The performance of any Rolls-Royce is a silky mystery." So, it seems, is the advertising of it.

Henry M. Jackson and **Warren G. Magnuson,** Democratic Senators from the state of Washington, frequently receive mail addressed to the Washington Senators but intended for the baseball team rather than the legislators. Sometimes the confusion is not cleared up until a communication has been read right through because, says Senator Jackson, "most of the letters begin, 'You bums. . . '"

There was a girl in his party when **Joe Namath** was picked up in Miami for careless and drunken driving and driving without a valid license, in such circumstances the gentlemanly thing, of course, is to keep the young lady's name out of it. When asked who she was, Namath replied, "Who knows?" Exquisite tact? Or not? Who knows?

◉ It was **Paul Simon** of Simon & **Garfunkel** (flanking Commissioner **Bowie Kuhn**) who got to throw out the first ball for the Yankees' home opener this season because he was the one who wrote, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you." Simon, 27, is a longtime Yankee fan,



◉

who preferred, as a boy, to root for winners. "I felt there was enough suffering in real life," he explains reasonably. "Why suffer with your team?" This determined optimism apparently just barely survived Joe DiMaggio's departure for wherever it was he metaphysically went, and now Mickey Mantle has gone, too. Fortunately, Paul Simon has been heard to murmur, "There's something about that Murcer. . ."

The night New York was eliminated from the Stanley Cup playoffs, a bunch of the Rangers and their wives went to Gallagher's 33, a steak house, for some cups of cheer. The wives wound up cheering for patron **Jack Lemmon,** who decided the time had come in his life to go a few playful rounds with Gallagher's host, **Tony Zale. Reg Fleming** refereed and **Rod Gilbert** kept time, banging on a pot. Then Zale accidentally connected, and Lemmon decided he didn't want to play anymore.

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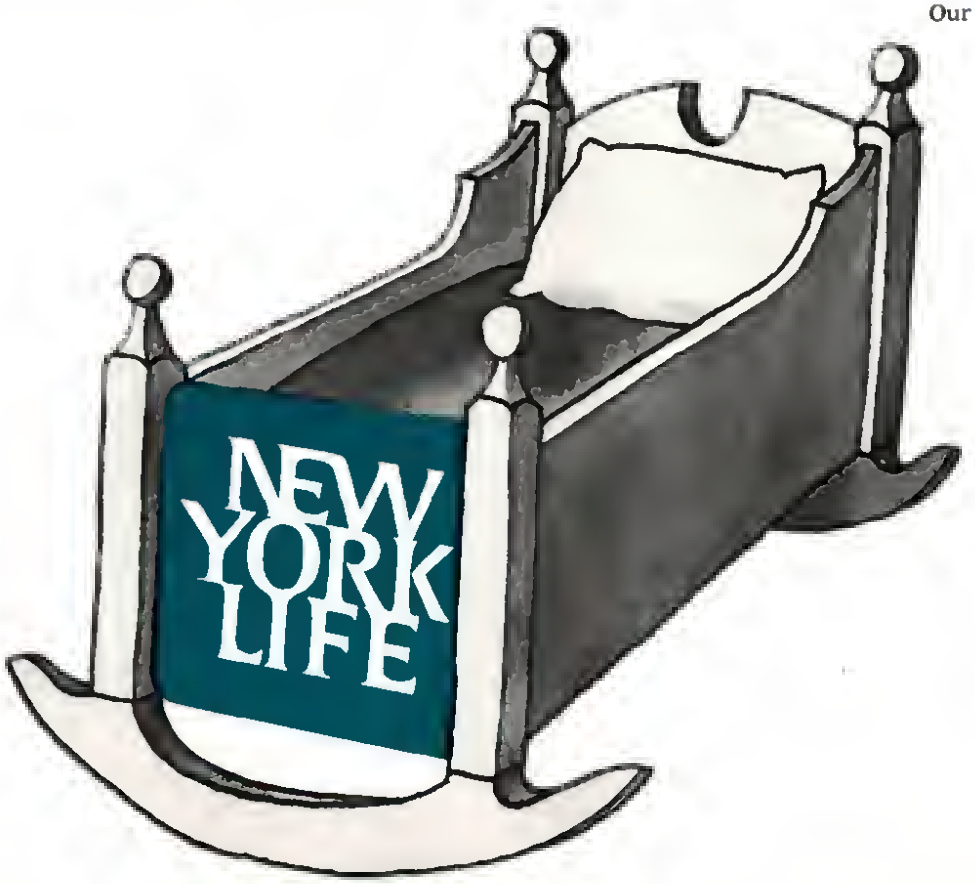
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Presenting the Ben-Hur Open

With beauties, barbecues and balloons, the All-America Intercollegiate Invitation—the Double A, Double I—was almost a Roman pageant

Golf on campus is very big these days—like grass cookies, Philip Roth and nudity in psych lab. Why, just a fortnight ago one young miss pinched Bruce Fleisher's bottom on the 18th tee at Augusta. Then last week Dave Williams came along with his show. Now Dave's show is really big. Bigger than life even, as he might say. Or bigger than golf itself, although golf and life are the same game to Coach Dave and the members of his Houston team.

The name of Dave's show is the All-America Intercollegiate Invitation Golf Championships, if you can swallow that. Williams encourages people to call it the Double A, Double I. In addition to the AAII itself, there is a tournament eve banquet—500 people strong—a few movies, hall-of-fame inductions, barbecues, dances, Archie Bell and the Drells, a parade downtown, sheet-size banners, babies with balloons, a man dressed up as a bear, a lot of drunks yelling things, beauty queens (two to a team), several other girls running around in red-and-white-striped minicostumes and Shasta the Cougar. "The NCAA tournament is the U.S. Open of college golf and we are the Masters," says Dave Williams. Maybe—but what the tournament really is, says another man, is the Ben-Hur Open.

All of this marvelous nonsense started 15 years ago when Williams decided that what college golf needed was some records, like football and basketball. "Got to go out and get me some records," Dave said. So he invited seven teams over to play four rounds, get their tails wagged off and give his Houston team some records. Later he expanded the field to 16 teams, added new frills each season and came up to last week with victories in all but two of his tournaments.

This year's tournament had golfers from 20 schools battling each other in five categories—team medal play, team match play, low two-ball, low four-ball and individual medal—for points that would add up to an overall champion.

Unlike the NCAA tournament, where teams field five men to count the best four scores, or most other college events, where six play to count four, just four men play in the All-America, all scores counting. It is a format ripe for criticism from coaches who have depth, but it is a fair one, limiting the field to a workable number and saving on expenses. Coach Williams says the best part of it is that four players and a coach can easily ride to the tournament in a car. He says, also, that most teams don't have three good golfers, much less four, much less six.

Not all the coaches agree with Williams. "Who wants to ride in a car for 1,000 miles?" says Buster Bishop, the coach at Florida. "Besides, the object of college golf is participation." His team flies on longer trips, and he likes a lot of his men along because they are all so good. Four of them, seniors, won the NCAA championship last year, beating Houston by a stroke and breaking the Cougars' four-year hold on the title. Two



STEVE MELNYK OF FLORIDA BEAT OUT ALL THE TEXANS FOR THE INDIVIDUAL TITLE

others are freshmen, who sometimes nudge out their older teammates in tournaments around the South but who could not play in the All-America.

Another coach speaking from strength was George Hannon of Texas, who had the one-two punch of Chip Stewart and Rik Massengale back from the team that upset Houston to win the tournament last year. The AAU, in fact, had eight of the top 10 teams in the 1968 NCAA championships and six of the returning 11 All-Americas.

"I figure the home course means one stroke a round per man," said Hannon. "That may seem a lot, but that's how much Houston should be favored." Williams, meanwhile, was talking up Texas while most of the other money was on Florida.

"I'd pick us," said Steve Melnyk, the ace of the Florida team. "We're a little tired of hearing about these Texas teams. Let them come down our way, get in that Bermuda grass and all those sand traps and then see who wins. They never come to us anymore, we have to come here. Well, we're ready."

Melnyk, who is 6'1" and weighs 235 pounds, rolls along the fairway like a human cantaloupe. He is called Deity by Richard Spears, Florida's No. 3 man. The first two days went pretty much as expected, with Deity leading individual play with an eight-under-par 136 as Florida stayed just off the lead in all other categories. The biggest surprises were Houston, which failed to get a man under par and was 13 strokes off the team pace, and Texas A&M, which came out of nowhere to lead all four team divisions.

The latter circumstance brought on a bevy of the latest Aggie jokes. Sample: Why don't Aggies kill flies on the golf course? Because they're the school bird. All that Texas A&M Coach Henry Ransom, a Ryder Cup player in the early '50s, kept saying was that his men were sophomores last year and now they were juniors. The fact that the Aggies had three men at once under par midway through the tournament was no joke to the men of Texas and Houston.

On the third day, though, A&M went into match-play competition with Houston and fell back into the pack where everyone said they belonged. The Cougars finally were making their move, with No. 1 man Bob Barbarossa firing a one under 71 and Doug Olson shooting par.

continued



insert foot...



open mouth



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In the other half of the match-play championship draw Dean Overturf of Texas scored 68 to offset an 81 by his teammate Massengale as the Longhorns edged Florida and qualified to meet Houston in the final.

By now Florida led in team medal—the division that determines the champion—but Texas and Houston had both climbed to within two strokes of the top. The next day would be decisive.

As the final foursomes made their way around the pine forest on Saturday, the All-America produced the elements and atmosphere that make it very special among golf tournaments. There were the balloons, of course, and the queens and a band next to the scoreboard. There were the Austin crowds crying, "Hook 'em, Horns," and the Houstons shouting back, "Eat 'em, Coogs," and everybody drinking beer and pushing and shoving close enough to stop their men's shots from going astray, maybe even to kick one back on the fairway. After Florida had shot itself out of contention early the crowd had what it wanted: Texas and Houston fighting down to the wire again.

The teams made the turn all even at three under par, but Stewart and Massengale took command early on the back nine, both shooting three under, and Texas led by five shots through 14 holes. At the 15th, Houston got three back, when Tom Kite, a Texas freshman, bogeyed and the Cougars' John Mahaffey, then Bruce Ashworth behind him, birdied. Kite went three more over par on the closing holes to put Texas down by a shot as the teams of Stewart-Massengale and Barbarossa-Ashworth approached the 18th, a par-5 dogleg right.

In the true spirit of Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson, all four Texas golfers birdied the hole, Ashworth from the right rough and Barbarossa from sand, as Houston won back its championship. Melnyk won the individual title, laughing, but not before he had received a fine scare from Shasta the Cougar, screeching.

Dave Williams was not worried about that. "Well, she put seven stitches in one ol' boy out here a few years ago, but she just sits around mostly," he said. "Next year we're gonna really roll with this thing. National TV, Reveille the A&M dog, Bevo the Steer, you bet."

All at the Double A, Double I. Bring your clubs. **END**

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BIG BOB NETOLICKY DRIVES ON BASKET IN FINAL PLAYOFF GAME AGAINST KENTUCKY

By 5 p.m. on the day of the final playoff game, the office staff of the Indiana Pacers was sputtering like an Indy race car with indigestion. The secretaries, smiling bravely, clutched at telephones that had been ringing since early morning. The ticketsellers, having stood for eight straight hours to handle the demand of fans who lined up out the door and halfway to Evansville, were sorely worried about their feet. They all sounded like recordings: "Sorry, the tickets are all gone. Standing room goes on sale at 6:30 tonight at the Coliseum. Sorry."

Three hours after the shop had closed, a nasty spring storm was well on its way to flooding Indianapolis. The real soaking, though, was done by scalpers, the first in the history of the American Basketball Association. The prices were not Dallas or L.A. or New York—$25 for a $5 ticket—but this was the ABA, not the Cotton Bowl. By tip-off time, which was delayed 10 minutes to get everyone safely inside, 9,111 were seated (that's capacity—and another 1,894 stood). The 11,005 spectators were by far the largest crowd so far in the ABA playoffs and some 4,000 more than Los Angeles and Atlanta of the NBA drew in their playoff that same night in Atlanta.

As always, the home-towners were quite ready to do whatever was necessary to help the Pacers: boo, pelt the floor with paper cups, even come out of the stands for some strategic punching. Happily, this time the Pacers had enough strength in uniform. They beat the Kentucky Colonels from down the road 120–111 to win the best-of-seven playoff four games to three and advance to the semifinal round. After the game, while horns blew and women cried and Pacer Coach Bob (Slick) Leonard was carried off the floor college-style, euphoric Indiana partisans grabbed visitors by the arms and demanded face-to-face, "There isn't a better pro franchise anywhere, is there?"

Yes, there is—but as loth as that *other* league would be to admit it, the funny old ABA with the red, white and blue ball has a real winner in the Pacers. After losing $210,000 last season, they will make money this year. At home during the season they averaged 6,109 spectators a game, tops in the ABA and fifth best in all pro ball, which means 10 NBA teams were behind them. They have a vigorous coach in Leonard, they have a star player in Mel Daniels and they perhaps have the league's most perceptive executive in round Mike Storen, the general manager. If Lew Alcindor put the ABA in its grave, nobody knows it around the Pacers.

Indianapolis has always been a basketball town, the vroom-vroom Speedway notwithstanding. Back 20 years ago, when the NBA was a pretty freaky thing itself, the Indianapolis Olympians with Alex Groza were one of the league's hottest draws.

Then the basketball scandals broke over the Olympians, some of the best of whom were accused of shaving points while in college and barred from the NBA forever. Indianapolis was out of it until the Pacers came to town. Given the ABA two years ago and its unhappy knack for fussing, floundering and filibustering, the people of Indianapolis had a decision to make—either ignore the team, an antidote used with considerable success in Pittsburgh and Teaneck, N.J., or say, so what, it's all we've got, let's make the best of it.

Led by a couple of young local sportsmen named John DeVoe, 34, and Dick

Tinkham, 36, Indiana fans took the latter course. To their credit, they admitted what they did not know about basketball and hired Storen, who had been laboring at various administrative jobs with the Cincinnati Royals and the Baltimore Bullets.

The ownership of the Pacers was, and still is, entirely a community thing. Nobody holds more than 10% of the stock, and the owners, who have expanded in number from 10 to 30, agreed to put up the money, keep their mouths shut and let Storen run the team. None of the owners, even DeVoe, a member of the board of directors and president of the club, was so much as allowed in the dressing room after games without Storen's express consent. "We gave Mike a free hand," says Tinkham, an attorney who also handles the ABA's legal business, "and we've been patting ourselves on the back ever since."

Storen quickly established a reputation for shrewd dealing. He signed 6' 9" Bob Netolicky of Drake, the No. 2 draft choice of the San Diego Rockets of the NBA. He dug up Roger Brown, once a promising star at Dayton until the second wave of scandals ended his college career. From Miami he got Mel Daniels, the former New Mexico All-America and the No. 1 draft choice of the Royals, in exchange for what amounted to a couple of cups of coffee. Only in his own home was Storen a prophet without honor, mainly because his effervescent wife, Hannah, is apt to judge players more on their smiles than on their talent.

"When I traded Mike Lewis," says Storen, "I came home and Hannah said, 'Oh, how could you trade that cute Mike Lewis?' Then when I traded Steve Chubin, she didn't speak to me for days. If Hannah had my job, I don't know how many games we would win, but we'd sure have the cutest team in the league."

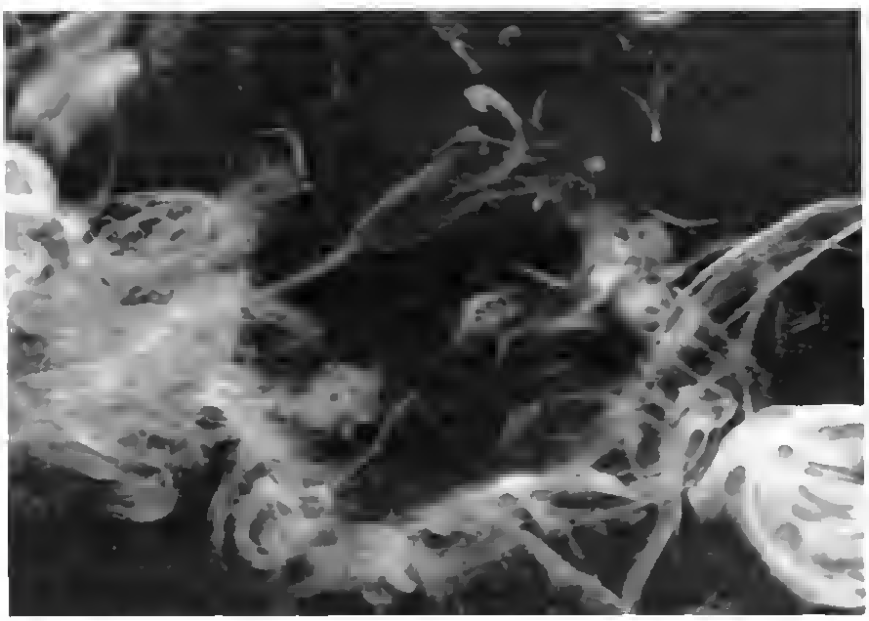
This season began tragically for the Pacers. Not only did they lose seven of their first nine games, leading Storen to remove his young coach, Larry Staverman, and hire Leonard, but on Dec. 14, during a home game against the Houston Mavericks, John DeVoe pitched over in his seat and died of a heart attack. His row of courtside seats was permanently removed, the Pacers affixed black patches to the left straps of their jerseys and DeVoe's brother Chuck, an outstanding tennis player and a member of the board of directors, became the club president.

Leonard was selling class rings and yearbooks when he took the Pacers' job. He and Storen had known each other in Baltimore, where Leonard, the old set-shot artist from Indiana University, coached the Bullets for a brief and undistinguished period.

Known as "Slick" because of his splendid sartorial habits, Leonard won the fans over as much with his colorful epithets and pirouettes off the bench as with his coaching ability. At the end of games the perspiring Leonard, with his tie loosened and his sport coat wadded up, bore little resemblance to the well-groomed Leonard of tip-off time, but he started getting results. The Pacers reached the .500 mark shortly after midseason, then won 23 of their last 36 games to make the playoffs. Somebody named Leonard coach of the year.

continued

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and everyone named Daniels the league's most valuable player, but no sooner had the fans started congratulating themselves than the Pacers were almost out of the playoffs

Matched against the Kentucky Colonels, the Pacers dropped three of the first four playoff games zip, zip, zip—largely because their defense failed to stop the long-distance bombing of Kentucky's guards, Louie Dampier and Darrell Carrier Among the ABA's better innovations is the award of three points for baskets made from outside a 25-foot arc painted on the floor The rule was designed to put the little man back in the game, which it does, and to give basketball a big play, like the home run in baseball, which it does Together, Dampier and Carrier combined for 324 three-pointers during the season and together they almost shot the Pacers right into oblivion

Starting with the fifth game, the Pacers responded to Leonard's goading The guards, Freddie Lewis and Tom Thacker, began picking up Dampier and Carrier all over the floor Underneath, Daniels and Netolicky, both possessed of soft shooting touches and hard strength, began to overpower the Kentuckians And whenever the Pacers needed two points badly, there was mustachioed Roger Brown, still able to go one-on-one and get two points anytime

The Pacers won the fifth game 116–97 in Indianapolis then traveled down the road to Kentucky's Freedom Hall and demolished the Colonels 107–89 to even the series The outcome of the final game, with all of those crazy fans, was predictable Inflamed by a prolonged standing ovation before the game, Netolicky scored 32 points and got 16 rebounds Brown added 29 points, his playoff average, and Daniels, despite getting in foul trouble and sitting out 23 minutes, added 16. But the people's choice was Thacker, the former Royal and Celtic whom Storen found late in the season working as a substitute schoolteacher in Cincinnati He scored 19 points, a career high as a pro, held Carrier to only 16 and even helped Leonard coach in the huddles. "What I like about these guys," said Thacker after the game, "is that they listen. They don't get the big head "

Last Sunday night the Pacers opened their semifinal series against Miami, which eliminated Minnesota in the first round The game was held 35 miles from Indianapolis in the Anderson (Ind) High School gym, because the circus forced the Pacers out of the fairgrounds and Butler University refused to rent out its 15,052-seat gym, apparently for fear of invoking the wrath of the NCAA. This situation might have started cries of "bush" at other places, but nobody in Indianapolis viewed it as anything more than a minor annoyance—especially after the Pacers won 126–110. "You can't compare this league with the NBA right now " said Thacker, who has seen them both, "but give it another year or so. The fans in Indiana are the greatest I ever played for, just as good as the Celtic fans We've got a good team, a good coach, a good administration I think we'll go a long way " **END**

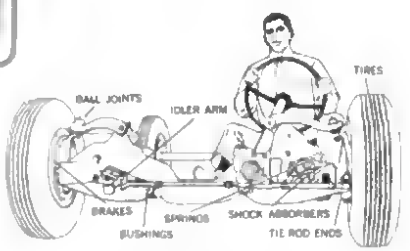


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The Walking Conglomerate

Ruler of a vast economic empire, Charles Engelhard pleasures himself with Cokes, Kisses and operation of a multimillion-dollar stable that competes on three continents

by PAT RYAN

Charles Engelhard arrived, a Coca-Cola in his hand, his racehorse trainer following with a six-pack and a bucket of ice cubes. It was barely dawn. The shedrow lights burned and the silence of the foggy Carolina morning was broken by the snorts of racehorses being readied for workouts and the thin plaintive song of an exercise boy. In the sparse stable office Engelhard put his ebony cane on the desk, settled into a chair and reached for a glass jar that was filled with Hershey's Kisses. He quickly ate several. "I'm not allowed these at home," he said wryly.

Home is an estate in Far Hills, N.J., a house by the water in Dark Harbor, Me. or Boca Grande, Fla., apartments in New York, London and Rome, a mansion in Johannesburg, a lodge in the lion country of the eastern Transvaal and a salmon river camp in Gaspé, Quebec, all places supervised by his wife Jane, a brilliant, 10-Best-Dressed woman whom New York society affectionately calls "Our Mother Superior."

The ashtray soon overflowed with silver Hershey papers. Engelhard walked slowly outside, through the long airy barn. He moved ponderously, leaning heavily on his cane, pained as always by an arthritic hip. In England a racegoer once recognized a rumpled Engelhard laboring up the stairs in a railroad station. "Good morning, sir," the punter said. "I'm sorry to see you don't move as well as your racehorses." Engelhard was amused.

No, he does not move well. Nor is he ever likely to join his wife on a 10 Best list, even though a valet named Derek travels with him. That morning in the Aiken, S.C. stable Engelhard was sockless, his feet zipped in fleece-lined hide boots. He wore two sweaters, a bulky scarlet and a blue, which rolled and bunched over mustard slacks—disordered clothing that hardly suited the image of international tycoon. Yet a tycoon he is, a walking conglomerate. His $15 million Thoroughbred empire, which extends from the U.S. to Europe and South Africa is, in his own words, "a hobby, a relaxation." His horses, after all, race in only five countries; he has businesses in 50—trading in platinum, gold, uranium, diamonds, oil, silver, plastics.

Ten Thoroughbreds were now being ridden around the stable ring. Engelhard scanned them and proudly began providing a kind of equine annual report: breeding, performance, a horse's assets and debits—"bad knee . . . should go better over a longer distance . . . one of our speculative purchases. . . ." He has a mental file on each of the 240 horses he owns and his memory is remarkable. You can't change something you have already told him—why a horse went lame, why one lost a race—say his trainers. He remembers too well what you told him the first time.

Engelhard has a high-frequency mind, one made restless by inactivity. This, more than a desire for money, undoubtedly has been his stimulus for turning a modest $20 million family business into a $250 million fortune in two decades. A global grasp of business and an influential position in the world's gold and precious metals markets have made him the confidant of Presidents and Prime

continued

At their New Jersey estate the Engelhards are engulfed by prize golden retrievers.



Ministers on five continents. When Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson wanted a secluded vacation two months ago it was an Engelhard invitation they accepted for a holiday at Boca Grande. Engelhard picked them up in Texas in his $2.8 million jet and they helped him celebrate his 52nd birthday.

The horses jogged, skittish under the high pines, toward the sandy loam track. Fog covered the backstretch. A pair of colts broke away from the quarter pole and worked slowly, heads bobbing earnestly as they passed the small horseman's stand. Engelhard watched, drinking another Coca-Cola. A group of trainers from other stables kibitzed.

The morning passed with that quiet rhythm that is part of a racetrack regimen. The stakes winners worked anonymously beside the selling-platers, only stopwatches separating them. Toward noon a veterinarian stopped by the office on his rounds. "Would you look at my finger?" Engelhard asked him. "It's giving me some trouble." The vet examined it and sent for a bucket from the shedrow. He poulticed the hand in a horse bandage—an unexpectedly small hand, one thought, in view of the power it held. On Engelhard's wrists were copper bracelets adorned with lions and elephants—conflicting symbols of strength and arthritic weakness. "I've also got an abscess on my side," he told the veterinarian. "Maybe you can do something for that." The vet said he would take a look.

Some of the world does not view Engelhard as quite so down-to-earth. His picture appeared recently in *Esquire* in a gallery that included Richard Nixon, General Lewis Hershey, John Wayne and J. Edgar Hoover—all were called targets for young troublemakers. The magazine took the first potshot. Engelhard's photograph was captioned: "Fatcat. Powerful industrialist, philanthropist, Democrat. Much of his wealth comes from South African gold." *Forbes* magazine once identified him as possibly "the inspiration for Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger*." Indeed, Fleming and Engelhard were acquaintances in the late 1940s. That was when Engelhard, in an effort to avoid international trade restrictions on the sale of bullion, was shipping solid gold pulpit tops, dishes and bracelets out of South Africa. Engelhard takes the Goldfinger talk good-naturedly. For a while he called a stewardess on his company plane Pussy Galore, it is said, and he showed up for at least one party in an orange Goldfinger sweatshirt.

By late afternoon Engelhard was flying north from Aiken in his small plane, a Jet Commander named *Pigeon*. The little jet landed in Newark and taxied up alongside *Platinum Plover*, Engelhard's BAC One-Eleven. (His third plane, an Aero Commander, is called *Partridge*. His helicopter is unnamed.)

"Charlie is a mogul," says his friend Alfred Vanderbilt. "My wife and I have gone to Africa and Asia with the Engelhards and you go first class, I've got to tell you. Everyplace we went we met the important people—lunch with Indira Gandhi, the embassy people. You see the things worth seeing in a country; you don't sit around all day and have drinks. You learn what the place is like and what its problems are. Charlie is a bright and curious man."

The engines of the transatlantic jet were roaring, ready for a flight to London. Engelhard climbed the stairs slowly, the door closed and the plane, which as a commercial airliner can seat 90, moved onto the runway in the February dusk. Charles W. Engelhard, the most intriguing and engaging new figure to enter the topmost echelons of Thoroughbred racing in years, was off to deal with the gold market. And his hand felt better. He has a good vet.

By spending lavishly yet shrewdly, Charles Engelhard has seemingly disproved the theory that a man cannot buy success on the turf. In eight years he has purchased at U.S. auctions some $6 million worth of young horses. "He plays with horses the way I play solitaire," said a Jockey Club member. Among Engelhard yearling purchases were the winners of five English and Irish classic races, and his horses have been placed in four other classics. Not since Calumet's heyday here or Sir Victor Sassoon's a decade ago has an owner done so well in classic races in so short a time. Engelhard's current 3-year-old star, Ribofilio, is the favorite for this week's 2,000 Guineas and the Epsom Derby, the first two legs of England's Triple Crown. Engelhard calls Ribofilio "the last of the cheap Ribots." The colt cost $110,000 as a yearling at Kentucky's Keeneland sales.

Though Engelhard has had comparatively little racing success in the U.S.—his best performer to date is 1966 Grass Horse of the Year, Assagai—his impact on the American sport has been significant. "There used to be a feeling that no yearling was worth $100,000," says John Finney, president of Fasig-Tipton, a major Thoroughbred sales company. "Mr. Engelhard raised the lid. The psychological barrier is largely dissipated." In the past four years Engelhard has bought between 25% and 40% of the top-quality U.S. yearlings that were sold at auction.

The high risk involved obviously exhilarates him. He has a propensity for the hazardous—he delights in driving a Sting Ray flat-out or a high-powered speedboat at full throttle through the rocks at Dark Harbor. Furthermore, Engelhard likes to gamble, chiefly at poker and backgammon. Racing suits him admirably. "He's got a lot of horses and a lot of action" is the way one racing man puts it. "Buying yearlings is a superb game of chance."

Engelhard the businessman is substantially different from Engelhard the sportsman. The businessman was tutored from childhood by a stern Prussian father. Charles Engelhard Sr. emigrated to the U.S. from Hanau in 1891 as the sales representative of a platinum firm. He invested in precious metals companies, amassing substantial holdings and increasing his wealth. "My father was very thorough, very Germanic," Engelhard says. "He controlled every detail of the business. He visited every plant he owned every day, punching in and out by the time clock. In some companies he signed every check for more than 50 cents. I can't ever remember having a personal conversation with him.

All we ever talked about was business."

The Engelhards lived in a Rhine-style turreted castle on a hill in Bernardsville, N.J. Each morning Engelhard Sr. would arrive at the stables at 6:45, mount his horse and ride with a groom on the neighborhood bridle paths. He was so punctual that people in the community set their clocks by him. "He made such a fetish of it that I seldom rode with him," Engelhard recalls.

His father died in 1950, but his mother, now 91, continues to balance her own checkbook and marvel at "my boy Charles." At 87 she visited him in South Africa, and he gave a mammoth 90th birthday party in her honor at the Plaza Hotel. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and the Duke of Windsor were her dinner partners, a former governor of New Jersey toasted her and the New Jersey Symphony played. Friends like to tell the story of Mrs. Engelhard, several years ago, listening to a discussion of starvation in India and of how a $300 million grant was being made to help relieve the situation. "Is Charlie giving the money?" Mrs. Engelhard asked.

She was almost 40, and her husband nearly 50, when their only child was born. Seldom has a son and heir turned out so extraordinarily well. Reflecting on this, Engelhard notes, "I'm only the second generation. They say it takes three generations to lose the family money."

In 1947 Engelhard married a tall, striking widow, Jane Mannheimer. Her first husband, an Amsterdam banker, was, like Engelhard, one of the world's richest men. In pre-World War II Europe Fritz Mannheimer floated loans that kept whole countries from sinking. At their marriage he was 49, she was 21. Eight weeks after the wedding Mannheimer died, and the following day his investment house closed, bankrupt. Jane Mannheimer went to work for a while for John J. Raskob. During the 1940s she operated a microfilm company that copied U.S. war records and material for the Library of Congress. Friends even now are awed by her executive mind and her ability to organize. Her eight homes remain open and staffed, always available to friends. She gives lunches for 50 or 80 people without an eyelash coming unglued. There are frequent weekend house parties that include friends, celebrities and men of power. In election years the Engelhards extend their extravagant hospitality to campaigning Democrats—3,500 people came to a Far Hills barbecue of ribs, beans and hog jowls that they gave for Lynda Bird Johnson, and 1,700 showed up at a garden tea in honor of Eunice Kennedy Shriver. On a more private occasion Andy Williams sang at a party for Bobby Kennedy at Dark Harbor. The Engelhard homes are exquisitely tasteful, decorated in pastels and filled with flowers and superb paintings—works of Degas, Renoir, Manet, Monet, Corot, Cezanne, Fragonard and Winslow Homer. Shortly after they bought their Far Hills house and renovated and redecorated it, the Engelhards received a visit from Father Martin C. D'Arcy, the English Jesuit who married them. After a tour Engelhard asked, "Well, what do you think of it, Father?"

"My son, with God's help I think you have done a wonderful job," Father D'Arcy said. Charlie is said to have replied, "You should have seen the place when God was running it on his own."

For all the priceless furnishings, the house is a comfortable well-lived-in home for the Engelhards' four daughters (a fifth is married). There are no sons. An ancient parrot, Jacob, which Engelhard was given when he was 5 or 6 years old, holds dialogues with himself in the study, occasionally interrupting himself with a "shut up" or calling in a high-pitched woman's voice, "Clark, Clark." For several years the Engelhards employed a butler named Clark who would come rushing to the study at the parrot's call—the bird had learned to imitate the voice of Mrs. Engelhard.

A kennelful of prize golden retrievers—the Engelhards have won best-in-breed three times at Westminster—romp through the living room. "The house was named Dogwood Hill when I bought it," Engelhard says. "But soon our friends were calling it Dog House. That's when I decided to change the estate name to Cragwood."

The menagerie once included a lion cub. The Engelhards took him to their Canadian fishing camp each June, shipped in a crate along with some of the golden retrievers. "I don't know what the customs man would have thought if he had opened the lid," Engelhard says. Eventually the lion became difficult to

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After the 1968 St. Leger the Engelhards welcome Ribero to the winner's enclosure

handle and was given to the Toronto zoo. At the zoo's suggestion, Engelhard imported a mate from Southwest Africa. "I always go to see Charlie and Jane when I am in Toronto," Engelhard says, apparently not abashed at the names of the pair. "Once I found them separated, and Charlie looked forlorn. I asked the keeper what had happened. He told me they had been making love all the time and had been drawing the wrong kind of clientele to the zoo."

More celebrated Engelhard donations have been to the White House—a $25,000 18th-century crèche and antique dining room furniture (Jane Engelhard was a member of Jacqueline Kennedy's Fine Arts Commission)—$500,000 to Boys Town and $1.25 million to Rutgers University for a graduate school of business administration. The Engelhards subsidize the New Jersey Symphony, and he is a director of the Bronx Zoo and the World Wildlife Fund.

What is perhaps more telling of their generosity is that the Engelhards would give, as they did a few years ago, a wedding reception in their Johannesburg mansion for the daughter of their housekeeper. And Jane Engelhard, like other New Jersey housewives, solicits for the Community Chest. "I remember her showing up with the rest of us in a church hall in Somerset Hills," a woman says. "She wore a faded coat that looked like it came from S. Klein. When she took it off I caught a glimpse of the label—Balenciaga. She had a diamond on her finger as big as a bottle cap. But when her name was called she trotted up like everyone else and got a certificate for collection—100% in her district."

Praise of Mrs. Engelhard is often lyric. Last year *Vogue* asked a priest to describe her (she is a fervent Catholic and attended sessions of Vatican II). He quoted Proverbs 31 10: "A good wife who can find? She is far more precious than jewels. . . . She looks well to the way of her household. . . . Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her. . . ."



Before a formally attired audience at Ascot, Ribofilio wins the 1968 Chesham Stakes.

If Charles Engelhard can be caught for a fleeting moment in mid-February looking at his horses in Aiken, S.C., he can be found, too, in the middle of June in Canada. That is when Gaspé stirs and warms. The wild grass pushes up and the rivers run surging toward the sea. Men in woodsmen's jackets drift canoes silently down the Grand Cascapedia, eyes squinting for the quick shadows of salmon. The old beaver is back, working above Rock Pool. A moose clambers through the ripple at Limestone. The salmon fisherman relishes the sharp evergreen smell of wilderness, the feel of sun on his back and wet line in his hand. The guide lights a cigarette and the match chokes out as it hits the water. The morning idles, and a man is satisfied with his straight gentle casts.

These are expensive pleasures. Charles Engelhard has probably $1 million invested in 15 miles of salmon river on the Grand Cascapedia in Gaspé, and local records show that only about 40 salmon were taken from his water all last season. For Engelhard, a keen and dogged fisherman, it is a luxury worth affording. He remembers taking this 44-pounder, that 47-pounder, the 40-pounder he landed on a trout rod.

His stretch of water is at its best for only two weeks in June, but Engelhard spends six weeks headquartered there, flogging the water well into the evening while his guests dress for dinner. He tells, with some amusement, of his efforts to improve the fishing. "I was stinking depressed one year," he says. "No one had had a rise or seen a fish. I decided to buy 25 or 30 salmon for $1 a pound from the netters out in the bay and turn them loose in the river. They were towed upstream on a barge and tagged and turned loose. I never heard of anyone catching one of them, but the next morning Jane had a visit from a river guardian. 'I've got some good news for Mr. Engelhard,' the man said. 'The fishing is going to be better. Some crazy American has bought salmon from the netters and is stocking the river.' " Local fishermen say that some years the Engelhards have been obliged to go to the fish hatchery near New Richmond to buy salmon to send their friends, so few are caught on their stretch of water.

The main Engelhard lodge (two nearby camps house the overflow of guests) is seemingly endless, a rustic Pentagon. There is a movie room with reclining chairs and first-run films. Framed letters from Jacqueline Kennedy and Lady Bird Johnson, thanking the Engelhards for salmon, hang on the wall. And for the guests there are elaborate meals ("If you get a baked potato it will have an egg in it," one friend remarked). At lunchtime a squad of butlers may take up positions along the riverbank, the pace of fishing being such that the anglers might beach their canoes at several different points. Each butler is prepared, should fishermen arrive, to serve a picnic feast complete with wines and pâté.

In mid-August, when the sea trout run ends in the Cascapedia, the camp closes. The staff of three dozen lines up and Engelhard stands on the porch with his wife and makes a small speech. He tells them quite charmingly in his soft, expensive-prep-school (St. Paul's '35)

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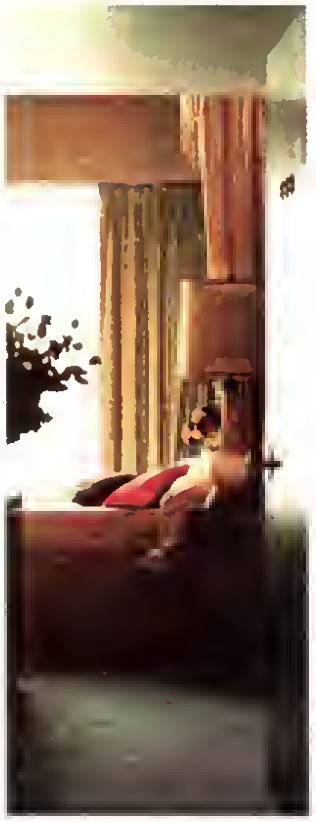
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Turn south now, in pursuit of Charles Engelhard, to the heat of Boca Grande in tarpon season, say early April. When the tide sucks out of the straits and these 100-pound fish flail for the bait, Charles Engelhard likes to be there. He has four boats: two 19½-foot jets, one 22-foot Chris-Craft and a 41-foot Hatteras—but he charters two others for tarpon. He talks of the power and splendor of these fighting fish, of hooking one and seeing it crash and jump and hurl in the moonlight.

Boca Grande is an isolated town (pop. 400) of the very rich on a Gulf Coast island that was once a pirate's hideaway. It was discovered in 1910 by a modern buccaneer of sorts, J. Pierpont Morgan, who invested in the phosphate fields of Florida and shipped the chemicals by rail to a deepwater port on the island. The phosphate trains still clatter through and the mansions of millionaires stand a few yards from the tracks, but du Ponts and Vanderbilts cherish the seclusion. It is a place of rich informality, bare feet on marble floors.

The Engelhard house, appropriately, is named Pamplemousse (French for grapefruit). When it was purchased, a tree that bore exceptional grapefruit was growing on the grounds. Engelhard soon suggested that a few more grapefruit trees be planted. "The first year we put in six," he says, "and the old tree immediately stopped producing. Then I put in 12 trees. Still not a grapefruit. I called in an engineer from one of my companies and he built a wall to protect the trees, but a hurricane came from the wrong direction that year and knocked the fruit off. Now we have a lot of grapefruit trees. Each has its own stall shower and manure pit. We should get bushels of grapefruit, but probably we won't. I've found Jane likes to snip off the branches with the blossoms because they are so fragrant." It was to Pamplemousse that the Johnsons came last February.

Engelhard is fascinated by politics and political figures. "Because I have a knowledge of the world's political and economic affairs," he has said, "I have done things on a broad base. I look upon myself as an investor in things that are influenced by international affairs."

His father was a friend of Franklin Roosevelt and twice served as a Democratic Party elector. By his early 30s young Charles was making substantial campaign contributions. In 1951 he backed his New Jersey neighbor, Republican Malcolm Forbes (publisher of *Forbes*), for the state senate. In 1952 he supported Eisenhower. Then he switched parties, putting his wallet behind Democrat Robert Meyner in the 1953 New Jersey governor's race.

Large Engelhard contributions to the Kennedy-Johnson ticket were thought to have made him eligible for a major ambassadorship in 1961. Instead he served the Kennedy and Johnson administrations on various commissions—NATO, East-West trade—and as the country's representative on such special occasions as the coronation of Paul VI, Independence Day ceremonies of Gabon and Zambia and the celebration of the first anniversary of Algeria's independence.

It is his major role in South Africa's economy that provokes the most criticism of Engelhard. His stature in that country is immense and he reacts to it. An associate tells of flying to Johannesburg with Engelhard. "He was happy, mussed-up Charlie all the way down in the plane. But an hour before we landed, he changed his clothes. He walked off that plane looking like a sultan."

Engelhard's view of *apartheid* is that "it is not practical." In Johannesburg several years ago he explained his attitude in a speech. "The industrialization of this country has advanced rapidly during the last 20 years, but if this industrial development is to continue, fuller use must be made of the potential skills and capacities of all the peoples who make up the population of South Africa. This calls for more widespread and advanced education, so that leadership and ability can be developed in all sections of the community, both European and non-European. It should be emphasized that the non-European must have the opportunity to improve his standard of living if he is to be encouraged to work alongside the European in the development of this country."

In public appearances in the U.S. Engelhard has been picketed by civil rights groups. Recently black students at Rutgers demanded that the $1.25 million he gave the university be used as a statewide fund for black students "so the university will be purged of the argument that it is as racist as the donor's business activities have demonstrated."

Engelhard defends his investments in South Africa (estimated by *Forbes* in 1965 to be worth $30 million). He has interests in gold, copper, platinum and diamond mines, timberlands, chemical companies and newspapers. He is a director of South Africa's huge Anglo American Corporation, which has assets of $540 million and annual profits of $43 million. Anglo American has some 150 subsidiaries and affiliates and controls, as well, De Beers Consolidated Mines with assets of $565 million. All told, Anglo American is estimated to manage assets of close to $3 billion.

In recent years Engelhard has been an unofficial ambassador both to and from the South African government. Whether this relationship will continue during the Nixon administration is uncertain. (Asked about Nixon, Engelhard said he had met him but never paid much attention to him. "It never crossed my mind until a few months ago that he would be President.")

Engelhard's commitment to Africa is emotional as well as financial. He speaks of the electric feeling of the continent and the compulsion that seems to pull him there. It was there he made his first fortune with his pulpit tops—"I wanted to get away from my father," he says of those days. It was there, too, in 1957 that he bought his first racehorses. Probably not coincidentally it has been said of Harry Oppenheimer, Engelhard's chief partner in South African ventures: "Other things being equal, if Harry had to choose between a racing man and one who did not know one end of a

continued

horse from the other, the racing man would win Harry's friendship every time." For several years now Engelhard's South African stable has been more successful than Oppenheimer's. Engelhard has been the country's leading owner three times in the last five years.

It is likely that Engelhard enjoys his days spent photographing big game in Africa's national parks even more than his racing afternoons. With his wife in a babushka beside him, he jolts across the savanna in a truck, looking for a pride of lions or some elephants. "Often the photographs are much the same," he says, "but the animals are different." African game is a heritage for all people, he believes, and he contributes substantial sums to preserve it. Tanzania's 700-square-mile Tarangire game reserve was founded with an Engelhard gift, and he has donated funds to build a large dam in South Africa's Kruger National Park.

South African investments are just a fraction of the Engelhard business empire. They are included in the portfolio of Engelhard Hanovia, the family holding company, whose assets are believed to be about $100 million. The other giant of his empire is the Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp., which had sales last year of $1.34 billion (Engelhard and his family own about 40% of the stock). The company is the largest of its type in the world, refining precious metals and manufacturing a diversity of products from missile parts to dental drills.

Engelhard is one of the inner circle of international financiers, and he enjoys his prestigious position. He declared once, "Other men may have made larger capital gains, but few men have earned more economic power."

It has been suggested by some who deal with him that Engelhard did not get where he is by being a good-time Charlie. But the business community views him as fair. "He has the leverage, muscle and momentum," one man noted, "to create an abrasive situation for someone else. But he seems to give the other guy more than a fighting chance. Of course, he is not going to let anyone push him around."

He moves about the world with an entourage of executives (known as his satellites), friends, secretaries, chefs, valets, butlers and animals. On a flight from London to New York on the *Platinum Plover* a secretary may have a cockatoo sitting on her shoulder during dictation. A Great Dane or golden retriever may bound up the aisles. Engelhard executives wait through the night and sometimes the following day to be summoned to conferences. The call may come at 3 a.m. or 7 p.m. But that is a prerogative of power. Luxury is something he takes for granted, like the next Coca-Cola. For Engelhard, money is the medium—the message is somewhere else.

Now, finally, see Charles Engelhard here. The hallway floor is a pastiche of muddy footprints—man and child and dog. Boots warm on an upright radiator. A $3,000 painting of an Engelhard St. Leger winner hangs crookedly on a nail. "I remember the first time I heard Mr. Engelhard was coming," Mrs. Helen Johnson Houghton is saying. "I thought I should clean the house and lock out the dogs and cats. Of course, I didn't." Mrs. Johnson Houghton trained Engelhard's first horse in England, and he has a special affection for her and her home at Blewbury, high on the Berkshire Downs. Two of his British classic winners, Ribocco and Ribero, were trained here, and Ribofilio, his current Derby favorite, is in the Johnson Houghton yard.

Engelhard visits the pink house three or four times a year, coming for evening stables, that British ritual in which a horseman surveys his domain at dusk. In every stall a jodhpured lad is ready to show Engelhard his horse. The trainer will run a practiced hand across the Thoroughbred's ribs and then down its legs, hesitating over a fevered knee, prescribing a salve or liniment. Over tea and scones before a fire there is an assessment of the horses, Mrs. Johnson Houghton and Charles Engelhard, expert to expert. A terrier may curl into Engelhard's lap and a cat perch at his shoulder. A Muscovy duck that enjoys watching television may also appear in the living room. "Charlie is an awfully cozy person," Mrs. Johnson Houghton says. "He doesn't seem to mind."

Horse racing has subtle attractions for the very rich man, the camaraderie of the high-low aristocracy—titled wealth and famous jockeys—the élan of winning the simple silver trophies that money cannot buy. For Engelhard, horse racing is these things. But it is also the more obvious pleasure of high risk and high excitement. David McCall, the Englishman who is Engelhard's turf adviser, says his boss is so excitable watching a stable entry run that he refuses to follow the horses with binoculars. "He carries a huge pair of glasses which he uses on races in which his horses are not running, but when we have an entry he says he can tell by the color of my face how the horses are going. And that's what he watches, my face."

Engelhard's horses in training are valued at roughly $8 million, his yearlings, foals, mares and stallions at $7 million, which is a sizable commitment for a man who appears on a racecourse—Saratoga, Keeneland, Ascot, Doncaster or Turffontein—perhaps only 15 times a year. These infrequent outings are no measure of Engelhard's interest. A Telex machine in his Newark office chatters out reports on races run by his horses during the day. "I like to know the results of a race, win or lose," he says. "Then I don't lie awake at night wondering." Each Sunday morning McCall telephones from London for lengthy discussions on the prospects and performance of the stable in Ireland, England and France. American trainer MacKenzie Miller calls several times a week. At night in bed Engelhard reads *The Morning Telegraph*, the horse magazines and reams of racing clippings from London's newspapers. "He's delighted at the arrival of a thick yearling sales catalog," McCall says, "because he sleeps badly. He pores over the pedigrees, making lists of possible purchases, and he will come to the sale with maybe 30 horses marked in his catalog."

In the eight years since he first ap-

peared at the world's horse auctions, Engelhard has become supremely knowledgeable on bloodlines and he is not a bad judge of a horse, though you must grant him an occasional whim. He sent McCall a few years ago to inspect one undistinguished animal and was obviously very disappointed to receive a negative report. "I was hoping you would like him," Engelhard said. "He was born on my birthday." McCall says that Engelhard is still apt to give unusual attention to yearlings born on his birthday although he has one costly reminder of this tendency. In 1966 he bought a yearling filly for $177,000 at Saratoga. Her conformation and pedigree were faultless and to a man who believes in playing hunches, in both horses and in cards, she was irresistible. She had been foaled on Engelhard's birthday and was being sold on his wife's. The filly was named, hopefully, Many Happy Returns. She started 20 times before finally winning a race and last winter was gracefully retired to a broodmare barn.

But Engelhard's hunches must not be scoffed at. He bought one of the first Ribot yearlings sold at public auction and kept investing in them while other horsemen were calling them an unsound, crooked, peevish lot. (In 1967 he missed one Ribot filly when he lingered too long over a chocolate sundae.) Engelhard banked on what he calls that stallion's "prepotency and his inspired offspring, those with a bold eye." He will tell you that every one of the successful Ribots has this bold eye. "I have often thought that if I were another horse and one of these Ribots looked me in the eye it would affect my performance," Engelhard says. He believed—had a hunch, if you will—that American training techniques were not suited to this rare breed and that they would probably develop their classic potential only in an English stable where horses are handled with the care of vintage wine. Engelhard's speculation was correct—his theories proved by Ribocco and Ribero, sons of Ribot, who won extraordinary doubles, the Irish Sweeps Derby and English St. Leger, in successive years. This year's classic prospect, Ribofilio, is considered a better horse than either of the earlier colts.

"The Ribots are funny people," says Fulke Johnson Houghton, who since 1961 has been training the horses in his mother's yard. "You have to let them get away with things, to kid them. They have tremendously strong characters and like to feel that they are boss." Ribot himself was temperamental as a La Scala baritone, usually arriving on European racecourses with three men in tow to help manage him. But he was unbeaten in 16 starts at distances from five furlongs to two miles. Now at stud in Kentucky, he uses an elm tree in his paddock as a punching bag and kicks up a fury if he spies even a lowly steer two fields away.

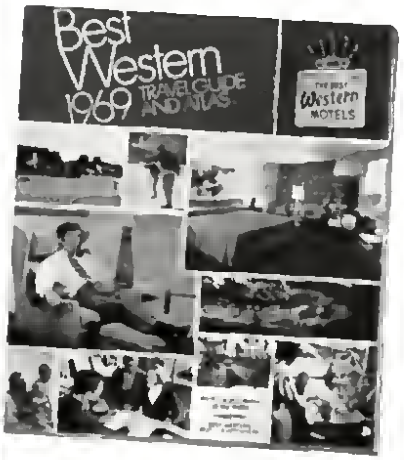
Ribot's offspring are not so much hotheads as contrary and stubborn. Seldom will they work at home, and because of this unwillingness they are usually slow to develop. "I think they become fitter by all the bucking and playing they do than by their workouts," McCall says. "They are full of the joys of springtime. They will not conform. If Ribocco went once around a track to the States he would never go around it again. He was very much a mental horse, a thinker. He had his likes and dislikes, which had to be indulged."

The Johnson Houghtons coddle their five Ribots (Engelhard has four more in other European racing stables) like princes. When Ribocco was in training he would be sent to a race meeting a few days early "because he liked being away visiting. He was a bit more interested." Ribero and Ribofilio are taken to the Downs for their gallops a new way every few mornings so they will not become bored with their route. Lester Piggott, England's eccentric riding genius, is engaged as jockey to the Ribots at Blewbury. One British trainer stated flatly that when Piggott rode one of his Ribot colts, the horse improved by 21 pounds (the equivalent of 10 lengths in a mile-and-a-quarter race). Piggott's effect has been similarly startling on Ribocco and Ribero. "He has a supreme understanding of these horses," McCall says. "He will sit there and suffer, waiting until they decide to run."

continued

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As with all stables, for every success Engelhard has had there have been a dozen disappointments. "I have bought a lot of yearlings that were not very good," he readily admits. "You hope that you will get one horse now and then that will pull you out, that will make up for the deficit."

It is necessary for a man like Engelhard, who spends tremendous sums on yearlings, to consider their potential stud value. If a colt turns out to be a successful racehorse, and he has the breeding, he may be worth from $1 million to $5 million as a stallion. Ribocco, who cost $35,000 and earned $435,000 racing, is valued now at $2 million. "In buying horses I am only interested in those that have potential as a classic winner and stallion," Engelhard says. "You have to take as many shots at that as possible. Until three or four years ago I could buy just about every yearling I picked out in the sale. But now I am being outbid on a lot of them. People used to feel that high-priced horses never turned out well. But lately it has been working the other way. The competition is fierce. There are eight or 10 top yearlings and people are waiting in line for them. They are being ridiculously priced. Last year I found myself bidding up to twice what I had set as a limit and still losing out. I bought horses last year far beyond what was prudent or wise. When this happens, any system or plan you have is destroyed. You fail to get the horses you hope to buy and you purchase others to fill your barn, horses you had not thought enough about and did not particularly want."

In the past year Engelhard has been an underbidder for a $405,000 yearling half sister to Ribocco and Ribero, for a $225,000 Rough n' Tumble colt, for a $200,000 Ribot colt and for a $210,000 Sea-Bird colt. But he managed for the third straight season to be the biggest buyer at North American yearling sales —he spent $1,134,500 on 19 colts and fillies.

Engelhard now vows that he will buy no more than three or four yearlings at the 1969 auctions. He points out that he has acquired 47 broodmares (among them such good performers as Quill, Admiring and Lea Lane) and already has 18 yearlings at Bull Hancock's farm in Kentucky. He has invested in stallion syndicates—Buckpasser, Damascus, Dr. Fager, Tom Rolfe—and he says he is looking forward to a new era, one of breeding classic horses, not simply buying them. Says Hancock, "It's a little like a man who has been going to a bakery to buy his cakes. Now he wants to bake them." The risk is greater than buying a racing stable at public auction: the owner of a stud gets a mixed bag, crooked foals, sick foals or no foals. Engelhard learned the hazards in a single week last winter. Three of his mares lost foals—by Round Table, Bold Lad and Buckpasser—and a fourth mare who was thought in foal to Hail to Reason was found to be barren. But he persists in his eagerness to create a great stud. The best American racehorses—those bred by the Phipps family, the Whitneys, Paul Mellon—never come on the yearling market. The Phipps stud is 44 years old. C. V. Whitney's is a legacy from his grandfather, who started it in 1898. So Engelhard has a decade or two to succeed or fail.

Meanwhile he has a closer goal that is heady enough, an Epsom Derby victory on June 4. Picture him there, if you will, on the members' stand, leaning heavily on his cane, a portly, disheveled figure next to the elegant Jane. His large field glasses are on his chest, unused, and he is searching faces for a hint of how his green and gold colors are faring, as Ribofilio and the field come into Tattenham Corner.

Should Ribofilio win, there would have to be an immediate recollection of the events at Doncaster last year when Ribero won the St. Leger. After the trophy presentation Engelhard could not be found. Friends, employees, emissaries rushed about frantically asking, "Where's Charlie?" David McCall spotted him at last in a cheap racecourse bar, drinking Coca-Cola with a crowd of ex-jockeys and trainers, most of whom he had never met before. **END**

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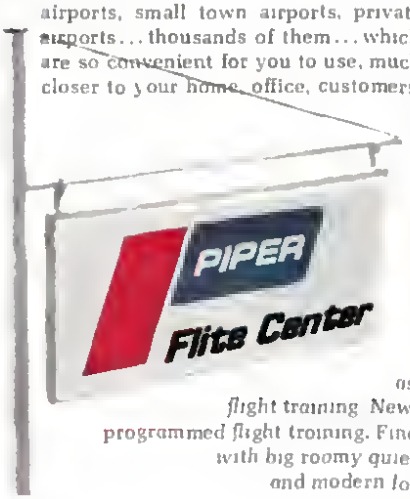
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The Prince and the Parvenus

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming of the Scots Guards stroked his heavy, curling mustache nervously. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but there is another tenner here you have overlooked." He glanced up at the royal personage who held the bank in this game of baccarat.

"I wish," said the Prince of Wales petulantly, as he tossed another £10 across the table, "that you would put your stake in a more conspicuous place."

The occasion was a house party for the 1890 Doncaster Races at the country estate of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson. Wilson was a well-to-do shipowner of the nearby city of Hull, his wife, Mary, one of the most talented social climbers of the day. To Tranby Croft, their rambling pile of a house on the outskirts of the city, Mary had managed to attract a distinguished crowd of 30 guests, including HRH Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

In previous years the prince had stayed with his friend Christopher Sykes, but the cost of entertaining not only HRH but his valets, equerries, current mistress, current mistress' husband and *their* maid and valet had sent Sykes into bankruptcy, and Mary Wilson was happy to fill the breach. As she shuffled the place cards to plan the seating at her great dining table, she must have been pleased at her illustrious harvest of names. Besides the 48-year-old prince there were the ninth Earl of Coventry, the fourth Earl of Craven, a goodly sprinkling of other noble names *and* the handsomest and most eligible bachelor in London, Sir William Gordon-Cumming. Laird of 36,000 Scottish acres, Sir William could trace his ancestry beyond Charlemagne and at 42 he was at the very top of the social tree.

At that time baccarat, a card game of Italian origin, was all the rage among the more sporting members of Britain's top society. It is akin to blackjack, except that the number nine assumes the importance of blackjack's 21. The banker's hand of two or three cards competes against two other hands; the other players may bet on these against the bank. Bets are placed before the first card is dealt, and there is no later increase in betting. Like others who considered this wild game too sportive to be quite proper, Arthur Wilson had banned it from his house. But when his royal guest arrived with his own personal baccarat counters, he had little choice but to allow the game to be played.

Early in the play after dinner on the first night of the house party, Jack Wilson, the 22-year-old son of the house, thought he noticed something distinctly odd as he glanced around the table. At one deal, he later recounted, Sir William Gordon-Cumming had put a fiver up as his stake—one red counter; yet, when the bank lost, the baronet had *three* such counters—£15 worth—sitting before him.

Young Wilson watched at the next deal. Sir William again staked £5. The cards were turned up—a 9 and a court card, a natural and thus unbeatable. Wilson saw, so he said, a glint of red as Sir William eased open his hands. Hey presto! Now there was £20. Once more the prince paid out.

Wilson turned to his neighbor, a 27-year-old subaltern in the Scots Guards called Berkeley Levett. "My God, Berkeley," he muttered, "this is too hot."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Levett.

"The man next to me is cheating," said Wilson quietly.

Levett glanced to Wilson's left, where he saw the distinguished colonel of his own regiment. "My dear chap," he replied, "you must be mistaken. It is absolutely impossible."

Wilson, according to later evidence, told him to look for himself. Play went on. By the end of the evening the prince's bank was well depleted; Sir William Gordon-Cumming was nearly £100 to the good.

Wilson and Levett held a hurried conference. Had their eyes deceived them? Was it really possible that this distinguished and upright man was actually cheating? They decided that they had not been mistaken, but Levett, mindful of his own delicate situation, declined

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to take the matter further against his own superior officer.

Jack Wilson went to his mother, who was equally unhelpful. "For goodness' sake don't let us have a scandal here," she warned him.

Next morning, young Wilson buttonholed his brother-in-law, one Edward Lycett Green, and the two men paced up and down the gravel driveway in the traditional country-house-crisis manner. Lycett Green was soon convinced, and the two agreed that if baccarat were played a second night it should be on a cloth bordered by a firm white line to define the staking area. Jack Wilson ordered a carpenter to nail green baize over a long pantry table and the butler to chalk a line six inches from the edge.

That night, after the racing, there were five watchers: Jack Wilson and his mother, Lycett Green and his wife and Berkeley Levett. Although many months later they claimed they had made no arrangement to watch the colonel's actions, it is hard to imagine that they did not at least exchange occasional glances of complicity. Guests were given large flat carpenters' pencils — rather vulgarly stamped "Tranby Croft" — for keeping records of the play. Several times, the watchers alleged Sir William used his pencil to flick supplementary counters over the line in celebration of the advent of good cards.

It was one such occasion, when an extra £10 of stakes magically appeared, that caused the prince to complain that the counters were not being properly shown. Shortly afterward Lycett Green left the table to scribble a note in the smoking room. The butler delivered it to Mrs. Wilson, who opened it with anxious fingers. She read: "I have distinctly seen Sir William Gordon-Cumming cheating at cards."

Sir William's two nights' play left him a winner by £225. As he rose from the table, the prince commented sourly on his good fortune. Sir William replied that no one could have failed to win with such good cards.

Next afternoon, in the special train chartered to bring the party back from the races, Lycett Green told Lord Edward Somerset of the previous night's happenings and asked him what to do. Lord Edward consulted his brother, and the two decided to consult the Earl of Coventry, who was, apart from the prince, the highest-ranking noble in the party. Lord Coventry in the privacy of his bedroom, decided that an accusation against a serving officer was a military matter, and he said he would consult that distinguished soldier, General Owen Williams. "Owen," he said, "something very disagreeable has happened. Will you come to my bedroom?"

Lycett Green told the story once more. The two older men muttered in a corner. Something ought to be done — but what? There was one further person to whom the buck could be passed: the Prince of Wales.

Now, the Prince of Wales had been Gordon-Cumming's friend for 10 years. Together they had raced and gambled, and Sir William had often been a guest at Sandringham. Yet, astonishingly, the prince immediately accepted the truth of the story. As for the right thing to do, there were many precedents: one merely made the dastard sign a paper promising never to play cards again and there was an end of it.

The earl and the general trudged the long corridor to Sir William's room. It was 8 o'clock: the dressing gong had sounded, but the colonel had not yet changed from his racegoing clothes. In a few words Lord Coventry laid the charge. "There is a very disagreeable thing that has occurred in the house. Some of the people here object to your manner in playing baccarat . . ."

Now Sir William made his first mistake. Whether he was guilty or innocent he should have asked who his accusers were and should have insisted on confronting them. He did neither but demanded to see his old friend, the prince, confident, no doubt, that HRH would pooh-pooh the whole matter.

There were only a few minutes till the dinner gong. Gordon-Cumming, left alone, struggled with shaking hand to fix the studs in his starched shirtfront and to make a tidy knot in his white bow tie, he got to dinner with seconds to spare. Since at least 10 of the 30 diners knew what was afoot, conversation must have been, to say the least, stilted, and after the long meal Coventry and Williams led the colonel to the prince's room, like a delinquent schoolboy to his headmaster.

"I have heard that certain people have brought a foul and abominable charge against me of having cheated at cards," he began. "Your Royal Highness will see what a terrible thing this is for a

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man who has attempted to lead for 25 years the life of an officer and a gentleman"

But the prince was adamant: the evidence was so strong, the witnesses so unshakable, he could have no doubt as to the colonel's guilt. The prince retired. General Williams then drafted a document that was soon to become famous:

> In consideration of the promise made by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed to preserve silence with reference to an accusation in regard to my conduct at baccarat on the nights of Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th September 1890, at Tranby Croft, I will, on my part, solemnly undertake never to play cards again as long as I live.

Gordon-Cumming took the pen and shakily wrote his name. After he had gone, the prince and the other nine men involved signed too: the prince sealed the document and posted it to his private secretary for safekeeping. Next morning Sir William Gordon-Cumming left Tranby Croft by an early train.

During the next four months Sir William shared his time between his Scottish estates, his regiment, his rich American fiancée and his Paris club. Then, one day in London, the bombshell arrived—an anonymous letter from Paris. It warned him that there was talk about Tranby Croft and the document. Before long, the gossip in London became so intense that the colonel had no choice but to take legal action: his solicitors issued a writ for slander against the Lycett Greens, the Wilsons and Berkeley Levett.

In the four months it took to arrange the trial, the case was eagerly discussed in every newspaper and in every home. People who had never before heard of baccarat learned the rules and tried it for penny stakes. As the trial approached, the public licked its lips in anticipation: the prince himself was subpoenaed to take the witness stand. What was more, one of his mistresses might testify as well, the current rumor being that Lady Brooke—aptly nicknamed "The Babbling Brooke"—had been responsible for spreading the secret.

In June 1891 the trial took place, and no one could get a seat in court without a note signed by the Lord Chief Justice: the cream of society was there dressed in high fashion that made it seem more like a Mayfair wedding than a trial of truth. Gordon-Cumming was on the stand half the first day and half the next. With clarity and coolness he told of the two nights' play and of the way the charge was made against him. Throughout, he asserted his innocence. He had signed the document, he said, only to avert a public scandal that would involve the Prince of Wales.

After a seven-day trial the jury took only 10 minutes to decide that they didn't believe him; they found for the defendants. The next day, Sir William was expelled from the army and resigned from all his clubs. "Thank God," exclaimed His Highness, "the army and society are now well rid of such a damned blackguard."

But the newspapers and the public were plainly on Gordon-Cumming's side. The real villain, as they saw it, was Albert Edward himself.

The common folk felt the profligate prince had got no more than he deserved, and the landed aristocracy were inclined to agree. Such a thing could never have occurred at a proper country estate, they told each other, and it served Bertie right for mixing with such flagrant parvenus as the Wilsons, upstart nobodies who made their money from shipping—it was almost as bad as being in trade.

Even Sir William's American fiancée—in whom the key to his future solvency rested—stood fast in her love. Despite her millionaire parents' insistence that she break off her engagement, she refused to do so.

The august *Times* of London was no less severe in its judgment of the prince than anyone else. At the end of a thunderous editorial, *The Times* expressed a devout wish that HRH would himself promptly sign a pledge never to touch a card again. The prince's mother, Queen Victoria, sent for her son and read him every word of the article. "The Monarchy," she wrote to a German cousin, "is almost in danger."

Possibly so, but in one way or another Britannic majesty managed to muddle through this crisis as it had others. And besides, in a period of singularly boring good behavior, it had provided the gossips with a first-rate scandal. After all, it would be another four years before they could joyfully gasp over that unspeakable Oscar Wilde. AND

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON won its 12th Eastern Division playoff title in the last 13 years, beating New York four games to two (*page 24*). The Celtics took the sixth and final game 106–105 on four pressure shots in the waning moments—one apiece by Satch Sanders and Emmette Bryant and two by John Havlicek, who scored 28 points, one fewer than Sam Jones' high man for Boston. Both of Havlicek's baskets came with two seconds left on the 24-second clock. The Knicks rather handily won the fifth game 112–104, out-rebounding the Celts 51–40. Boston also had 25 turnovers and, as a partial result, attempted only 80 shots from the field to New York's 97. The Knicks had some consolation from the fact that they became the first professional team to exceed one million in attendance in league play. At home they drew 666,663 for 37 regular season and five playoff games, playing to more fans than either the Philadelphia Phillies or the Washington Senators. Away they drew 366,105 for 45 regular season and five playoff games. LOS ANGELES needed only five games to overpower Atlanta, winning the finale 104–96 behind Elgin Baylor's 29 points (14 of 18 from the floor) and Wilt Chamberlain's 29 rebounds and seven blocked shots—three of which came on three consecutive attempts. The Hawks had won the third game 99–86, in which Zelmo Beaty got 17 of his 22 points in the second half and the Lakers the fourth 100–85, scoring 28 points in the last seven minutes. Said Coach Butch van Breda Kolff, "Wilt blocked a few shots, [Jerry] West made a few steals and we finally got rolling."

The Eastern Division had the majority in the first NBA Coaches' Defensive All-Star team, which included WALT FRAZIER and DAVE DeBUSSCHERE of New York, BILL RUSSELL of Boston, NATE THURMOND of San Francisco and JERRY SLOAN of Chicago. The West retaliated with youth, however, dominating the All-Rookie team on which WESTLEY UNSELD of Baltimore was the only Easterner among. ELVIN HAYES of San Diego, BILL HEWITT of Los Angeles, ART HARRIS of Seattle and GARY GREGOR of Phoenix.

ABA. All four of the semifinal playoffs lasted the full seven games. NEW ORLEANS led all the way in its 101–95 final win over Dallas, OAKLAND led most of the way to defeat Denver 115–102, MIAMI led from the half to beat Minnesota 137–128 and INDIANA came from behind to stop Kentucky 120–111 (*page 60*).

MEL DANIELS of Indiana, last year's top rookie, received 965 out of a possible 1,000 points to lead the All-Star team balloting. The other members of the team are LARRY JONES of Denver, JAMES JONES of New Orleans, RICK BARRY of Oakland and CONNIE HAWKINS of Minnesota.

BOXING—JOSE NAPOLES a Cuban refugee now fighting out of Mexico City, won the welterweight championship of the world from Curtis Cokes on what was scored as a 13th-round knockout, at the Forum in Inglewood, Calif. Cokes' corner asked Referee George Latka to stop the fight at the end of the 13th round. Cokes' eyes were swollen nearly shut and he was far behind on points. Said Manager Doug Lord, "Curtis wanted to keep fighting, but if you can't see you can't fight." A crowd of 15,878 paid a gross gate of $198,480, a new California indoor record, which was fortunate for Promoter George Parnassus: he had guaranteed Cokes $80,000, reportedly a record for welterweights. Napoles got $20,000 besides the title.

GOLF GARY PLAYER overcame a double bogey in the final round to win his first tournament of the year, the $150,000 Tournament of Champions at Rancho La Costa, Calif., with a four-under-par 284.

The leading money winners on the tour are now Gene Littler ($98,418), Lee Trevino ($67,463), George Archer ($64,455), Miller Barber ($62,544) and Jack Nicklaus ($51,586).

KATHY WHITWORTH took the $17,500 Lady Carling Open in Palmetto, Ga. on the first hole of a sudden death playoff with Mickey Wright. The two are now the only women to win four LPGA tournaments in a row.

HOCKEY—NHL. After losing its first two games to Montreal in overtime, BOSTON evened the series with 5–0 and 3–2 victories (*page 20*). Phil Esposito got two goals and three assists in the first Bruin win, in the second Eddie Westfall scored a goal on a rebound off Derek Sanderson's stick. Sanderson scored on a Westfall assist and Bobby Orr flicked the puck between Goalie Rogatien Vachon's legs for the third tally. In the West ST. LOUIS took Los Angeles in four straight, 4–0, 3–2, 5–2 and 4–1. Red Berenson scored a hat trick in the second period of the first game to tie a playoff record held by Busher Jackson, Maurice Richard and Ted Lindsay. Gary Sabourin had two goals in the second game and another in the third, in which the Blues scored three of their goals in the third period. In the fourth game, Berenson backhanded a 35-footer for the go-ahead goal and seconds later set up a score by Sabourin.

HORSE RACING Claiborne Farm's orange silks decorated winner's circles from coast to coast, DIKE ($7.60), Jorge Velasquez up, winning the 1⅛ mile, $110,900 Wood by almost a nose over Al Hollab at Aqueduct, and JAY RAY ($7.20), ridden by Manuel Yeaza, flashing to a 5½-length victory over Fleet Allied in the 1¼-mile, $127,700 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields.

SHOOTING Firing over 50 meters under a difficult wind and in mirage conditions, GARY ANDERSON of Axtell, Neb. scored 1,164 out of a possible 1,200 points to equal the world small-bore record in Johannesburg. He got 398 of 400 prone, 389 of 400 kneeling and 377 of 400 standing.

SWIMMING HANS FASSNACHT of West Germany and Long Beach State swam the fastest-ever 400-meter freestyle (3:59.71 and 400-meter IM (4:33.1) in Bonn. In the latter, Fassnacht, piqued because his college roommate Michael Holthaus, who won the IM in 4:44.1 the day before, had been getting all the publicity, asked to be timed in the event, in which he had not competed since 1967.

NIKOLAI PANKIN of the U.S.S.R. broke his own world records in the 100-meter breaststroke (1:05.8) and the 200-meter breaststroke (2:25.4) in a dual meet with East Germany in Magdeburg.

TRACK & FIELD—KANSAS, led by JIM RYUN, won the Kansas Relays with seven individual championships and four relay titles including a 9:33.0 distance medley, the fastest ever run. JIM NEIHOUSE led off with a 1:50.4 half, RANDY JULIAN ran a 47.1 quarter-mile leg, THORN BIGLEY a 2:57.9 three-quarter and Ryun a splendid 3:57.6 mile (his splits were 57.8, 1:58.7 and 3:02). The previous day Ryun had anchored Kansas winning four-mile relay team with a 4:01.2. KANSAS STATE won the sprint medley relay in 3:20.8 and the two-mile relay in 7:22.6, with KEN SWENSON running the anchor legs in both events.

SAN JOSE STATE ran the fastest 440-yard relay of the year in the Dogwood Relays at Knoxville. SAM DAVIS, KIRK CLAYTON, RONNIE RAY SMITH and JOHN CARLOS pulling together a 39.5. Carlos also anchored San Jose's winning 880-yard relay team and won the invitation 100 and 220.

DICK RAILSBACK vaulted 17' 5½"—the highest in the world this year—as UCLA defeated Washington 105–35 in a dual meet at Los Angeles.

MILEPOSTS NAMED. As head basketball coach at St. Louis University, JAMES POLK, 53, who previously coached at Trinity University in San Antonio (1965–69) and at Vanderbilt (1947–62).

NAMED. DAVE MAGGARD, 29, as track coach at the University of California, effective next season. Maggard, who was fifth in the Olympic shot-put last fall, had been an assistant to Coach Sam Bell, who has been hired by Indiana University.

CREDITS

20, 21—Walter looss Jr. Tony Triolo. 22—Walter looss Jr. 23—Dick Raphael. 25—James Drake. 27—Don Uhrbrock. 28—Herb Scharfman. 29—Sheedy & Long, Herb Scharfman. 30—Herb Scharfman. 32—Merlin H. Mills, Black Star. 33—Elyria Chronicle Telegram. 36-40—Fred Lyon Rapho Guillumette. 52—PIP Photos, Herb Scharfman. 54—Don Uhrbrock. 60—Heinz Kluetmeier. 65—Jerry Cooke. 67, 68—Sport & General. 77—Birmingham Post & Mail (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



PETE MUNDLE, a 40-year-old mathematician from Santa Monica, Calif., ran the mile in 4:26.3 in San Diego recently, bettering his own indoor and outdoor U.S. senior (40 and over) marks. He also finished eighth in the San Diego Relays open mile.



STEVE EURK, a senior at Southwestern High in Piasa, Ill., opened this year's baseball season as he finished last year's—by pitching a no-hitter. Steve beat Carlinville 2–0, striking out the first 10 batters and 15 in all. Last May he beat Brussels 4–0, fanning 17.



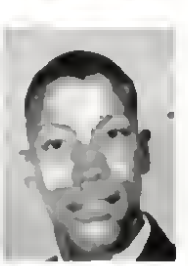
RICK HEALY, a first-degree black belt from Stockton, Calif. whose sister Jill is a high school All-America bowler, won a national high school judo title in San Jose, taking eight straight unlimited heavyweight matches. He is also hitting .333 for Stagg High School.



WAYNE CANNON, son of a Mormon missionary in England, was the first American to play in a schoolboy Rugby international—England vs. Scotland. Said one expert, "Cannon played reasonably well. His splendid cutting at line out was a feature of his play."



JAMES A. (Chito) MAYNES JR., 13, of Anaheim, Calif., who took up golf less than two years ago, drives an average of 270 yards, often goes 300 and has been measured at 320—with accuracy. Chito regularly breaks 80, and his best is a one-over-par 73.



JAMES RICHARDS, who goes to Lincoln High in Ruston, La., pitched three no-hit innings and hit four homers in four at bats in a 48–0 rout of Jackson High of Jonesboro. James was all-state in basketball, played quarterback and has a 3.3 grade average.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

A few years ago the Braves had a staff of young pitchers who were supposed to dazzle the league, but the youngsters were desultory about their dazzling and all were traded. After last week, though, four of them, the Astros' Denny Lemaster and Wade Blasingame and the Reds' Clay Carroll and Tony Cloninger, were very much in favor in Atlanta (5-2). They combined to lose five games to the Braves and help their old teammates hold first place in the Western Division. Henry Aaron felt particularly warm towards his former buddies. After hitting against them he led the league at .486. Los Angeles (5-2) was equally grateful to one of its old members. The Dodgers rapped Brooklyn hero Johnny Podres, who is now with the Padres, for a 14-0 win to begin an impressive five-game winning streak. In another rout L.A. crashed four home runs, the most the team has ever hit in one Dodger Stadium game and demonstrated that the off-season shift of home plate to a new spot 10 feet closer to the outfield fence will indeed help the hitters. And when the power hitting slacked off in later games, the Dodgers twice won with rallies of two and three runs in the ninth inning. San Francisco (4-2) had two double winners. Gaylord Perry pitched a pair of five-hit, complete-game victories, and Willie McCovey hit .313 with four homers before going on TV's *The Dating Game* and winning the girl. With strong mound performances from Don Wilson, Larry Dierker and rookie Tom Griffin, Houston (3-5) began the week with its first three wins of the year. Then the pitchers went sour, and 19 of them failed to hold the opposition to less than five runs in any of four straight losses. With his team slumped to fourth place Cincinnati (2-3) Manager Dave Bristol had little to be optimistic about but he found a bright note of sorts in the rainy weather that forced the Reds to cancel two games. "It isn't going to rain forever," he said. "Once it rained for 40 days, but it stopped." Outscored 42-14, San Diego (1-6) became the first of the expansion teams to slump badly. Chicago (7-1) ripped through its first two big series of the year, sweeping both the Pirates and Cardinals to pull 2½ games ahead in the Eastern Division. Three of the big wins came on what was predicted to be the Cubs' weakness, pitching. Ken Holtzman started the trend with a shutout over the Bucs, and Fergie Jenkins and Bill Hands followed him up with scoreless performances of their own against St. Louis (2-5). The Cardinals had just nine hits in those games, and that left Manager Red Schoendienst worrying. "When we got seven or eight hits last year we'd have three or four runs. This year we aren't putting our hits together," he explained. The Cards regulars were averaging .216 with Lou Brock low man at .089. The pitching staff not only batted better (.250) but it allowed the opposition more than three runs in only two games. Except for its games with the Cubs, Pittsburgh (4-3) was unbeatable. The best news of all for Pirate fans, however, was Jim Bunning's three-hit, six-inning start against the Mets that earned him his first win since last June. Montreal (3-4) played host for the first major league game held outside the United States before a capacity house of 29,184, the largest crowd ever to watch a sports event in the city. The Expos gave their supporters something to cheer about when, after blowing a 6-0 lead because of five errors, they came from behind in the seventh inning to win. Philadelphia (2-4) opened its home season, too. The crowd at Connie Mack Stadium numbered just 13,070 and then things turned really bad. For the next four dates the Phillies, who are already 7 games out of first, averaged just 4,564 fans. After 10 appearances New York's (3-4) young pitching sensations of a year ago, Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Nolan Ryan and Jim McAndrew finally came up with a win. Seaver got it in a gritty match against the Cards' Bob Gibson to become the only Mets starter besides rookie Gary Gentry to win this season.

Standings: East: Chi 11-2, Pit 8-4, Mont 5-7, NY 5-7, StL 4-8, Phi 3-8. West: Atl 9-3, LA 8-3, SF 6-5, Cin 4-5, SD 4-8, Hou 3-11.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Early in spring training Baltimore (7-3) Manager Earl Weaver watched Frank Robinson crash liners out of the batting cage and said, "Sure, everybody's important to our team, but if Frank's healthy that will be the biggest thing we've got going for us." Robinson this year is indeed healthy, and after two injury-filled seasons his bat is leading the Orioles to a fast start. The slugging outfielder hit four of his team's 14 homers last week and picked up nine RBIs to go with his .375 average. But, as Weaver said, the whole team is important, and the Orioles proved it by riding a .300 batting average (with 59 runs scored) into the Eastern Division's first place. Champion Detroit (4-2) briefly advanced to second with a ninth-inning three-run rally reminiscent of last season's hair-raisers. And leading off the inning, as so often in the past, was Gates Brown, the pinch hitter supreme. His single put him at .500 for the year as a pinch batsman. With opposing hitters clubbing Boston (4-3) pitchers for a .319 average last week and Cleveland (1-5) a loser

HIGHLIGHT

Cubs Vice President John Holland and Manager Leo Durocher breathed a collective sigh of relief during the expansion draft last fall when Montreal plucked Bill Stoneman from the Chicago roster. The Expos' unexpected choice allowed the Cubs to protect three other young pitchers the front office considered more promising than Stoneman, a right-hander who threw with a 2.5 major league record. Last week even with the Cubs off to their best start in 35 years those sighs must have been replaced by raised eyebrows in the Chicago offices as Stoneman, now a starter, pitched the only no-hitter ever for a first year expansion team. The little 5'10", 25 year-old reject's 7-0 win over Philadelphia was his first big league complete game and only the second of his pro career. And it came not as augury for another Year of the Pitcher but rather as a spot of some startlingly improved hitting in both leagues. The *majors'* averages *are up* 18 points over the same time last season and teams are scoring 2.5 more runs a game. Stoneman, who threw only his fastball and curve, a pitch the Cubs would not let him use, was doubly overjoyed by his performance. It proved he could be an effective starter, and it had been done under the red, white and blue colors of Montreal. "I'm especially happy for the town," he said. "It was great to be drafted by this team *and I love playing for Montreal. Now the fans know* we're not up here just to appear on the field. We're going to win some games." That is the kind of loyalty even hockey-loving Habitants can appreciate. At 2 a.m. a quorum welcomed their hero at the airport, chanting, "We want Stoneman." For a while, any way, the Cubs might feel just that way, too.



BILL STONEMAN WANTED

in nine of its 10 games this year, both teams clearly needed help. But, when the Red Sox sent RBI champ Hawk Harrelson to the Indians as part of a six-player deal, there were loud cries of dismay from the Hawk's fans and Harrelson himself. The 27-year-old slugger said he would retire instead of reporting to the Indians because leaving Boston would cost him at least $500,000 in non-baseball income. Even as New York (3-3) fans tried to fit Mickey Mantle's empty, old shoes on rookie Bobby Murcer (*see page 26*), there was another Yankee hero. Joe Pepitone, who is back playing first base after two dismal years in the outfield, crashed a decisive 10th-inning grand-slam homer. Another home run broke Frank Howard's and Washington's (3-6) hitting slump against the Orioles. Howard's two-run clout ended a four-game losing streak against Baltimore, during which the Senators played 39 innings without scoring and their big slugger went 1 for 16. The Western Division race, easily the tightest in either league, had all six teams packed within three games. But Minnesota (6-0), which shot from last to first, looked clearly the strongest club as the Twins' power hitters showed they have learned some new tricks from rookie Manager Billy Martin. In the game that moved them into the top spot, the Twins stole home for the tying run, and then muscular Harmon Killebrew punched a single to the opposite field in the ninth inning to drive home the winning score. In Chicago (5-1), where Manager Al Lopez happily claims that this is the best batting team he has had since his pennant-winning Indians of 1954, there is a new hitting style, too. The White Sox, who hit only 71 homers last year, smashed 13 last week, and rookie Outfielder Buddy Bradford battled for the league batting lead with a .387 season average. Oakland (4-3) made its first visit to Kansas City (3-4) since the Athletics abandoned the town to the infant Royals a year ago. The A's players were gently booed by their old fans, but the real object of KC's antipathy, Charlie Finley, helped keep tempers cool by simply staying at home. The Oakland owner told a friend that if he attended the game all his enemies would show up. Replied the listener, "Charlie, the Kansas City park isn't that big." Seattle (1-5) fans were not booing anyone. They cheered routine grounders, walks and, particularly, and for good reason. Shortstop Ray Oyler. Oyler, who averaged just .135 last season, has raised his average 200 points. California (0-6) Manager Bill Rigney was suffering from more than the blahs when he reached for the Alka-Seltzer. The Angels dropped to last, and ulcer-sufferer Rig blamed it all on his team. "We gave up, we went home, we were awful, flat, dead, terrible," he said.

Standings—East: Ball 8-5, Bos 7-4, Det 6-4, NY 6-5, Wash 6-8. Clev 1-9. West: Minn 6-4, Chi 6-4, KC 6-5, Oak 6-5, Sea 4-6, Cal 3-7.



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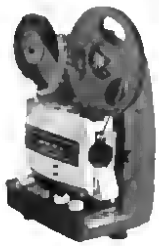
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE LINEUP

Sirs:

I'm writing this letter to tell you how sorry I am for you. Last fall you predicted the Cardinals would beat the Tigers in the World Series. As a matter of fact, you had the Cards the world champs before the sixth game was underway. Well, great predictors, what happened?

Now you have the nerve to predict that Baltimore will win the Eastern Division in the American League (Scouting Reports, April 14). Pity, pity, pity. Everyone knows the Detroit Tigers are the greatest team around and it will take more than Baltimore to stop them.

RICK ROHNER

Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

I don't see how in the world your "scout" can say that the White Sox "can only dream" of winning the AL Western Division. If they were in the Eastern Division, I could see the logic, but the West? Come on! Remember 1959.

LOUIS SHART

Elgin, Ill.

Sirs:

Last October you had a spread on the World Champion Cards, and when Detroit won the pennant you had only a few dinky pictures. Now you say St. Louis will finish first in the NL East and Chicago third.

No, no, no! This is the year of the Cubs. With a lineup consisting of Kessinger, Beckert, Santo, Banks, Williams, Hundley and Phillips, and a great pitching staff led by Jenkins, you can expect nothing less.

VINCENT DI CECCO III

Roselle Park, N.J.

Sirs:

You have made a giant underrating in your pitch for the Reds for the NL Western title. The Giants have the strongest pitching in their division, as well as great hitting and an improved defense. Willie Mays (*Leading Man. Wondrous Willie*, April 21) is a revitalized ballplayer who will lead the Giants to a pennant. See you in October.

FRED WELLS

Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

I hope the young pitchers like Johnson and Pappas, the best outfield in the majors, Aaron, Alou and Carty, and great infielders like Cepeda, Millan, Jackson (yes, Jackson) and Boyer will greet you in Atlanta at World Series time.

F. E. HESTER JR.

Tucker, Ga.

Sirs:

The temperature has been about 50°, the sun has been shining, kids have been playing ball everywhere and I haven't seen any of the snow that was supposed to be blanketing Jarry Park (according to SI).

The Expos won their opener and have proved they'll be a threat to most teams with their great hitting power, though they are very weak in the pitching department. Please send someone to see for himself, instead of relying on gossip which seems to imply that we're living in igloos up here.

RONNIE BRAVERMAN

Montreal

Sirs:

I will have you know that we are a hardy people here in Montreal. I, myself, was born in an igloo and have spent most of my life since then in temperatures that never got above the 20° mark. So you see, a little cold air isn't going to keep me from the games. It may be a little difficult getting there, however, as the glacier is quite dangerous this time of year and, to make matters worse, my dog team has been acting up lately. As for the snow on the field, there's talk that they will simply water it down and hold a hockey game in place of the ball game—that is, if the snowdrifts don't build up too much.

S. F. SHAAR

Montreal

BILLY BOY

Sirs:

Your article on the Iron Men in the April 14 issue of SI was very interesting and singled out a very rare breed of baseball player. However, I fail to understand why Billy Williams of the Cubs was omitted from the select few. Williams was Rookie of the Year in 1961, has a lifetime batting average of .290 and has averaged 30 home runs per year for the past five years. Aside from Glenn Beckert, Sweet Swinging Billy is the best clutch hitter the Cubs have. More important though, Williams hasn't missed one game since Sept. 21, 1963 (832 consecutive games) and is only 63 games away from breaking Stan Musial's Iron Man record of 895 games.

KEN KULAWIAK

Berwyn, Ill.

POLITICS AND PERFORMANCE

Sirs:

I was very happy to run across your article *Politics in the Saddle at Utopia Downs* (March 31). I believe that it is one of the best articles stating the real problems facing the horse-racing establishment that I have ever read. I fully agree that the control of racing is becoming so far removed from the men most qualified to do the job that good horse racing is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Since the tracks must take a certain percentage of the money placed on the races to pay various expenses, including salaries, it would pay to get fewer and more qualified officials on the payrolls.

I believe that the only way to get good officials is to get the men who have worked their way up from the bottom of the racing business.

DON GUSTITIS

Bozeman, Mont.

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the editorial comments in the SCORECARD section of your April 14 issue, expressing support for the work of our organization. You have my assurance that we will always endeavor to operate in such a manner as to justify public confidence.

You might wish to know that recently four additional tracks subscribed to the services of our organization, namely, Monticello Raceway (New York), Jackson Raceway (Michigan), Suffolk Downs (Massachusetts) and Greenwood Raceway (Toronto). All of this, of course, is encouraging and does indicate some recognition on the part of progressive tracks of the need and value of a continent-wide investigative organization in harness racing.

I only regret that the sport has to undergo this criticism because of the inaction of some in it.

JOHN L. BRENNAN
President
Harness Tracks Security, Inc.

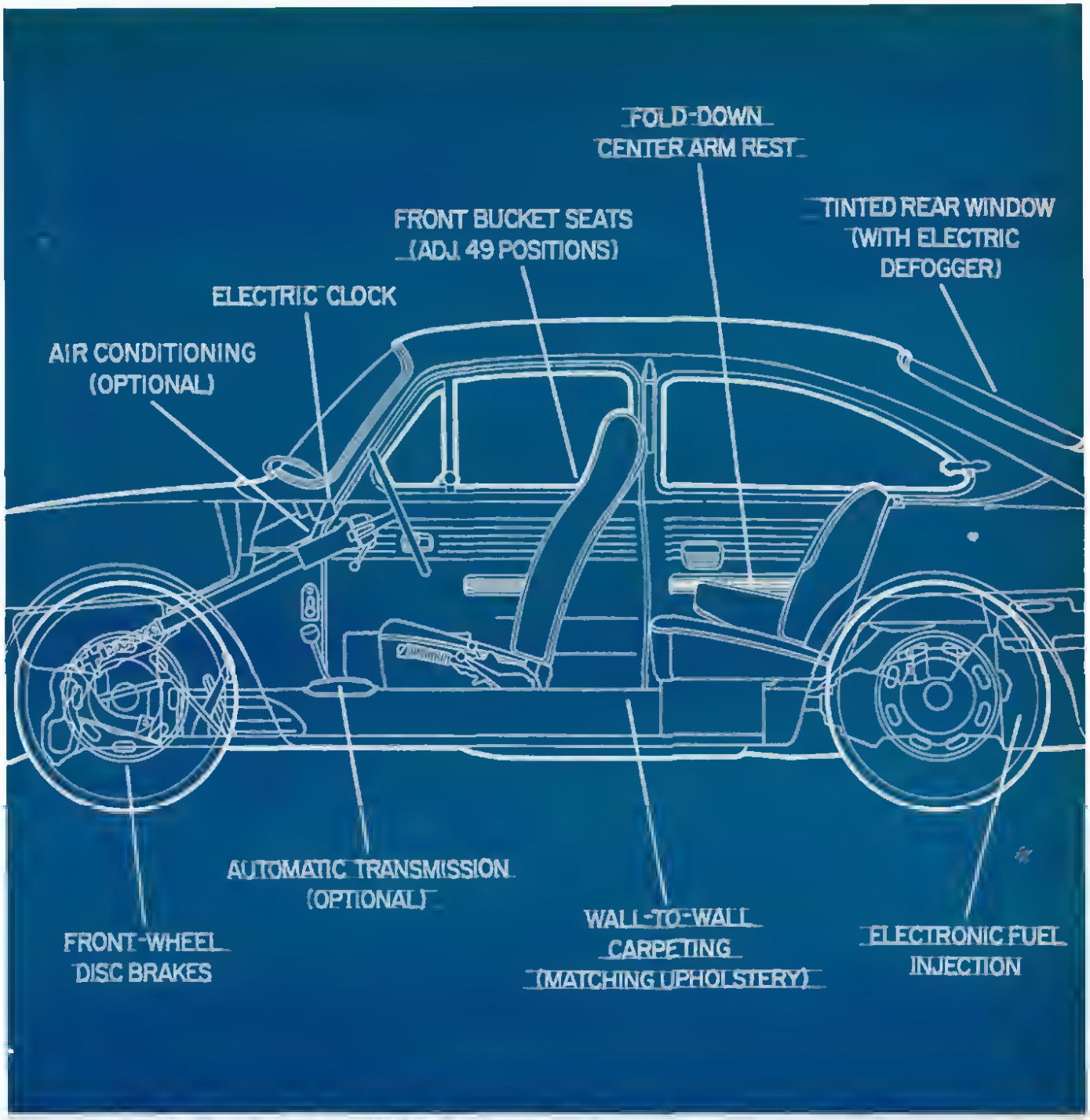
New York City

PLAYOFFS

Sirs:

Contrary to Tex Maule (*The Curse of the Endless Playoff*, April 7), playoffs, whereby more than one team has a chance to enter a final championship series, are essential in a professional sport—as long as a race to the very end of a season cannot be fairly guaranteed. "If," as Mr. Maule says, "you spend a season determining a champion, the season games are meaningful." Granted, but much more often, I'm afraid, a champion is determined in some fraction or part of a season, leaving the other part meaningless, not to mention moneyless. Playoffs are necessary in order to keep more players playing, instead of merely going through the motions, which in turn will keep more fans interested and more money flowing into team and league coffers. Besides serving as a fine incentive for players, fans, owners and league officials, playoffs are not

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unfair for the regular-season winners Why shouldn't St Louis, if it comes through the 1969 National League season with the best record, "have to confirm its eminence in a three-out-of-five series with a division champion that has a poorer record"? The Cards will either prove they *are* the best, or another team will show them that they *were* the best Since nobody wants to see last month's champions in this month's final, let us have the current best Bring on the playoffs!

RICHARD J HOCH

Fishers Island, N Y

Sirs

Tex Maule stated that a second-place team is not as good as a first-place team I would agree, except 1) why did the No 3 Knicks clobber the No 1 Bullets in four straight, and 2) why didn't the Celtics die after 82 grueling league games?

AL ADAMS

Baraboo, Wis

Sirs

For a Torontonian to criticize the Maple Leafs is, of course, nothing less than blasphemy Nevertheless, the fact that both New York and Toronto were eliminated in four games straight serves to emphasize Tex Maule's point that third- and fourth-place teams have no business being in the playoffs

DAVID NIMON

Toronto

EARLY BIRDS

Sirs

I note with pleasure your mention of Michael Francis as Britain's youngest solo glider pilot at age 16 (FACES IN THE CROWD, April 7) While I have no wish to belittle Mr Francis' achievement, I feel that it should be pointed out that in the U S the age for solo is only 14, and that many young pilots solo on their 14th birthday as a matter of course

Going even further, those pilots lucky enough to have access to a fine sailplane and good soaring conditions often make very significant flights For example, Steve Parker of Texas, whose father holds the world soaring distance record of 647 miles, had earned the gold badge with three diamonds (the highest of the international soaring awards) by the time he was 15½ years old To do this, he had to make a flight of 310 miles, a flight of 186 miles to a predetermined goal and an altitude gain of over 16,000 feet

PETER LERT

Del Mar, Calif

BROWER POWER

Sirs

Harold Peterson is quite accurate in crediting Dave Brower with that long list of suc-

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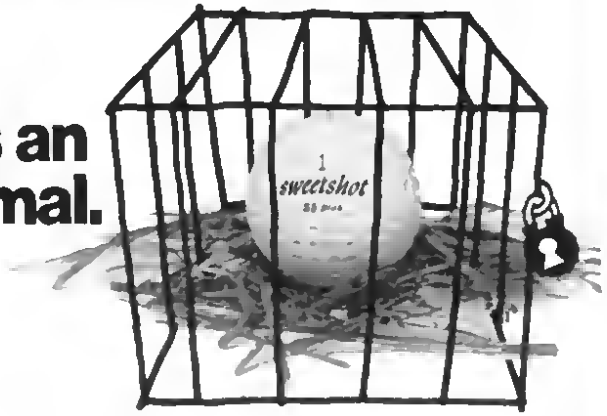


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cesses (*Brower Power Awaits the Verdict*, April 14). However, there is one exception: Storm King Mountain in New York. The Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference would gladly acknowledge Brower's help (and has often done so), but the National Wildlife Federation honored Scenic Hudson as conservation organization of the year (1968). Rod Vandivert, its executive director, has been a dynamo, compelling his membership into action.

Nevertheless, Dave Brower's leadership has served as a tower of strength for local efforts like Scenic Hudson's.

RICHARD B. SICHEL

New York City

Sirs:

Harold Peterson's story about the internal conflict within the Sierra Club seems generally fair, articulate, lucid and informative. His choice of the term "gnome" to describe Ansel Adams, however, can most kindly be called unfortunate. Webster defines a gnome as a "deformed dwarf." Connotatively, the usual implication of the word is even more uncomplimentary. Ansel Adams, a tall, husky, robust outdoorsman, is many things: premier photographer, writer, teacher and musician. To me, he is the exact antithesis of a gnome.

HANK JOHNSTON

Long Beach, Calif.

● A gnome, according to Webster's Third Edition, is also a guardian of "precious ores or treasure." ED.

ON THE RUN

Sirs:

Although it could easily have been overlooked, since it appeared in the same issue as your annual baseball preview, John Casey's humorous article, *The Social Life of the Long-Distance Runner* (April 14), stood out above the rest, and has continued the tradition of excellent articles in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

I wonder how many other of my fellow SI readers have joined me by putting on their sneakers and taking up long-distance running in search of the unusual experiences that Mr. Casey so vividly describes?

ERIC GOLDSTEIN

Buffalo

Sirs:

I know not whether running makes a body grow old quickly or slowly, but I do know that running makes a body feel better while it is trying to make up its mind.

JACK KEESLING

Muncie, Ind.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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